
Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part I. Vol. II.

C A N T O I.

THE Doctor looking proudly dull
 Between his Devil and his Fool,
 Whose Number being now compleat
 To carr' on his *Batavian* Cheat;
Andrew, with wide extended Jaws,
 Began a hideous bawling Noise,
 Whose Yellings were no sooner heard,
 But such a Crowd of Fools appear'd,
 That plainly shew'd how silly Brother
 By Instinct does attract another.
 So among Wolves, when one's distress,
 By Howling he alarms the rest,

A 2 2

Who

Who in a Fury fly with speed,
To help their Fellow in his Need.

No sooner had the gaping Zany
Turn'd Fool, but there appear'd a many
Boys left their Huffle and Trap-ball,
And scowr'd, at *Merry Andrew's* Call.
Fat Ale-wives, and their Campaign Wenches,
Forfook their Brothel Doors and Benches.
Porters, whose Shoulders were oppress'd
With Burthens, stood to hear a Jest.
Each bulky Dray-man stopp'd his Dray,
To take a Hau, Hau, by the way.
Young Vagabonds, and stroling Women,
Lame Mumpers, and disabled Seamen,
Some scratching in their lousy Rags,
Some hobling on their wooden Legs;
All scamper'd with what speed they cou'd,
T' encrease the growing Multitude.

When the Fool's noisy Acclamation
Had gain'd a num'rous Congregation
Of tatter'd Mortals, only fit
To laugh at *Merry Andrew's* Wit,

The fulsome Di'logue then began
 Betwixt the Master and the Man,
 And now and then, to please the Mob,
 The Devil laughing bore a Bob,
 Whose antick Garb and charcoal Face,
 Was to the Farce a wond'rous Grace;
 For things uncommon, tho' uncouth,
 Will best an *English* Rabble sooth,
 Because they're oft inclin'd to change,
 Not for what's better, but more strange,
 Nor are the Frape alone, we see,
 Bewitch'd to this Variety;
 For Rakes of Honour, Lordly Beaus,
 Too oft neglect the beauteous 'Spouse,
 And with a greater Gust pursue
 The homely Face, because it's new.
 Nay, 'tis a Fashion grown of late,
 To chuse Religion by its Date;
 For many, thro' a stupid Zeal
 To Novelty or Common-weal,
 Renounce the old Church, and the true one,
 To become Changelings to a new one.

After

After the Crowd of gaping Fools
 Had with stale Quibbles, Puns, and Bulls,
 Borrow'd long since from *Smithfield* Drolls,
 Been for a little Time accosted,
 'Till *Andrew's* Stock was quite exhausted.
 The Doctor then commands his Black
 To op'n his Medicinal Pack,
 From whence, before a Word he speaks,
 A little Globe he nicely takes
 Betwixt his Finger and his Thumb,
 The Wonder of all Christendom,
 Altho' no bigger than a Crum;
 Then looking very stern and dread,
 He bridles up his jolter Head,
 And thus a Lecture does he give
 Upon his Pill diminutive,
 Speaking his Merits in the Proem,
 That's Audience might the better know him.
 From all the Corners of the Earth;
 From *East* and *West*, from *South* and *North*;
 From sultry Climates, where the Heat
 Will make the coldest Pebble sweat;

And from those Icy frigid Zones,
 Where Waters are congeal'd to Stones;
 From that strange Land *incognita*,
 Where none but me e'er found the Way;
 From *Spain*, *France*, *Italy*, and *Holland*,
Portugal, *Sweedland*, *Denmark*, *Poland*;
 From *Blenheim*, where we won the Day
 O'er *Lewis* and *Bavaria*;
 From *Rammelies*, that famous Town,
 Where greater Wonders still were done.
Geneva too, I should have hinted,
 Where *Bibles* for the Saints are printed,
 In whose fam'd University
 I lately took my last Degree.
 From *Utrick* also, where I liv'd,
 And many Honours there receiv'd.
 From these, and sundry other Places,
 Where Arts and Learning shew there Faces,
 As Hospitals for the Afflicted,
 By Popes and Kings long since erected;

Where

Where Surgery and Physick flourish,
 And are apply'd with Skill, to cherish
 The needy Sick, who else must perish,
 Where I my self have long been fam'd
 For Cures too many to be nam'd.
 From all these Places am I come,
 And other Parts of Christendom,
 To give m' Assistance now at Home,
 And, by G——d's Blessing, to impart
 The hidden Pow'r of Physick's Art;
 Which, by long Study, I have found
 Amongst the Secrets under Ground,
 Drawing such Min'ral Vertues forth
 From the dark Caverns of the Earth,
 That will restore the Blind to Sight,
 And make the Cripple walk upright;
 Repair Consumptive Lungs decay'd,
 And to the Living raise the Dead,
 Provided they'll be rul'd by Reason,
 And take my *Nosstrum* in due Season.

The first rare Med'cine I present ye,
 Alas! is but the least of twenty.

Behold with Wonder, 'tis, you see,
 Not half the Bigness of a Pea,
 Yet is it of such mighty Force,
 That tho' you're stronger than a Horse,
 In spite of Sleep, Heat, Cold, or Passion,
 'Twill have its usual Operation ;
 And to the Patients Ease and Wonder,
 Will rumble in their Guts like Thunder ;
 That is, suppose you have about ye,
 Either within ye, or without ye,
 Twenty Distempers, Pains, or Ailings,
 Scabs, Buboës, Nodes, Humps, Bumps, or Swellings,
 Gout, Dropfy, Scurvy, Phtifick, Stone,
 Or other Ail in Flesh or Bone ;
 Aches in Shoulders, Head, or Heart,
 Legs, Thighs, or some remoter Part,
 Whether Invet'rate and Nocturnal,
 Or less Luëtif'rous and Diurnal.
 This little Pill will cause, most surely,
 In Nature such a Hurly Burly,
 That ev'ry time, when by Extrusion,
 It causes downward an Effusion,

'Twill op'rate where you're most oppress'd,
 And carr' off one Disease at least;
 Root out the Dregs of your Debauches,
 And leave you all as sound as Roaches;
 Refine ye, renovate ye, clean ye,
 And purge off all Distempers in ye;
 Giving to either He or She
 A Stool for ev'ry Malady,
 And not one Motion more or less,
 As near as Human Art can guess;
 For 'tis a Pill that ne'er does fail
 To operate from Head to Tail;
 And is, I will be bold to tell you,
 If justly priz'd, of greater Value
 Than any Secret ever found
 Beneath the Stars above the Ground,
 By all the Medicinal Knowledge
 Of *Gresham* or *Physicians Colledge*.
 With this small Dose did I recover
 Three *Eastern Kings*, when given over;
 In two Days time I made 'em leap
 And dance, that scarce before could creep;

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Who, to reward my skilful Pains,
 Gave me three Medals hung in Chains,
 Too rich and weighty to be worn;
 Besides, such foppish Pride I scorn;
 Gravity, Learning, and Discretion,
 Better adorn a good Physician.

Popes, Cardinals, and lofty Prelates,
 Old Fryars, Nuns, Monks, Punks, and Zealots;
 High *German* Princes, *Spanish* Dons,
 Czars, Sultans, Chams, and Prestor Johns.
 Dukes, Lords, and mighty Men of Wealth,
 Has this small Pill restor'd to Health,
 When no dull Othodox Physician
 Could help 'em in their sad Condition.
 Thought I, a Pill of so much Fame
 Ought not to want a learned Name,
 Therefore for mighty Cures 't 'as done,
 I call it my *Panpharmacon*;
 Whence you may find, that hear me speak,
 I'm not a Stranger to the *Greek*.
 A thousand other Virtues still
 Could I ascribe to this small Pill:

But fulsome Praise begets a Loathing;

Too much of one thing's good for nothing.

Next, I present ye with my Plaister,

That heals and cures the worst Disaster;

Hernia's, King's Evils, knotty Tumors,

Sores owing to a Flux of Humors,

Hard Swellings, Ringworms, Tetters, Cankers,

Nodes, Buboës, Ulcers, Scabs, or Shankers,

Wens, Whitloes, Bruises, Inflammations,

Horns, Corns, kib'd Heels, and Dislocations,

Fractures, Distortions, Strains, and Sprains,

Old Aches, and all sorts of Pains,

By this my never-failing Plaister,

Are cur'd as sure as G——d's in *Gloc'ster* :

Clap it but on the Part aggriev'd,

You'll in an Instant be reliev'd,

And then you'll say you're not deceiv'd.

If Surgeons, wanting Skill or Care,

(For many such we know there are)

By their ill Treatment, should occasion

A Gangrene or Mortification,

This

This instantly the Danger stops,
 Altho' the Patient's past all Hopes;
 And will, I boldly dare maintain,
 Where e'er 'tis us'd, that Credit gain,
 Which vain Pretenders cannot chuse
 But, thro' their Ign'rance, daily lose;
 Tho' I confess, as Times now go,
 'Tis something difficult to know

The skilful Doctor from the Quack :
 But if you'd shun that gross Mistake,
 Try me but in the worst Condition;
 And I, you'll find, am the Physician.

One Virtue more, upon the Faith
 Of Man, this exc'lent Plaister hath :
 It cleans and heals infallibly
 Green Wounds i' th' twinkling of an Eye,
 By Cannon-Ball, or Pistol-shot,
 Contusion inward, Thrust, or Cut,
 Given by Hatchet, Scythe, or Sword;
 Squeeze of a heavy Log or Board,
 Rent of a Tenter-hook or Nail,
 Bruise of a Faulshion or a Flail;

Unlucky

Unlucky Blow upon the Noddle
 Given by Shovel, Tongs, or Ladle,
 When Man or Wife, thro' Provocation,
 Shall use such Weapons in their Passion.
 All broken Heads, and bloody Snouts,
 In Quarrels gain'd at drunken Bouts:
 All Kicks and Cuffs, Thumps, Bumps, and Pinches,
 Given by Bullies to their Wenches.
 Besides, it is a Plaister rare
 For all new Marry'd Men to wear;
 Let 'em but to their Reins apply 't,
 And they'll perform with more Delight
 The Nuptial Bus'ness of the Night:
 'Twill reinforce the Veins and Muscles,
 And strengthen the Spermatick Vessels;
 Make the good Man so much inclin'd
 To love, and so excessive kind,
 That, least his 'Spouse should find a Nack
 Of Jilting his prolifick Back,
 He'd soon abound with such a Clutter
 Of Children, that would make him mutter
 To find them Milk, and Bread, and Butter.

This

This Plaister, I can make appear,
 Is daily sent for far and near,
 To help decrepit crazy Leachers,
 And old decay'd F——k T——s,
 Who've brought their Loyns to strength'ning Plaisters
 By holding forth to H——y S——s.

Strange Wonders have I often done
 By this Restorative alone.

An *Indian* Princess, in my Travel,
 Was troubl'd so with Stone and Gravel,
 That all Folks thought she would have dy'd,
 'Till I most artfully apply'd
 This Plaister to a certain Place,
 Most proper in so bad a Case;
 By which such present Ease was given,
 That she cry'd out, she was in Heaven!
 Well might she breathe forth this Expression,
 For by my pow'rful Application,
 I made her void a Stone, in fine,
 Almost as big as both of mine;
 Which when she 'ad done, she did arise
 From her rich Couch, and kiss'd me twice;

Gave

Gave me a Jewel for a Token,
Worth more than yet I ever spoke on.

Once, when I'd travell'd from *Majorque*,
With Don *Sabaftine*, into *Turky*,
B'ing much perfwaded by a Couple
Of *Baffa's* at *Constantinople*,

We walk'd to the Grand Seignior's Court,
Where he and all his Train refort,

But found him roaring on the Wrack,
With a ftrange Weaknefs in his Back,

Got, I fuppofe, by's Carnal Sins
Amongft his Nef of Concubines.

Thought I, what tho' this mighty Man
Is a profefs'd *Mahometan*,

And Tooth and Nail maintains that Libel,
The *Alch'ran* 'gainft the *Holy Bible*,

Yet Christians ought to do no lefs

Than help the Heathen in *Diffrefs*;

Therefore, within my felf, faid I,

He fhall not in this Mis'ry lie;

Tho' he's a Turk, I'll give him Eafe,

Let Turks ufe Christians as they please.

So step'd into his Prefence-Room.

Most mighty Prince, said I, I'm come
To cure your Grievance in a Minute,
Or I'll be hang'd by this Day Se'ennight.

With that he gave a gracious Nod,
Bidding me do whate'er I wou'd,
And did so kind a Smile impart,
That shew'd him glad with all his Heart.

When thus the Grand and Mighty Turk
Had giv'n me leave to go to work,
This Plaister only I apply'd
Above his Rump from Side to Side,
Which in a Moment's Time reliev'd him
Of all the wracking Pains that griev'd him,

Whilst those about him stood amaz'd,
And on the Christian Doctor gaz'd,
As if I'd been some Angel, sent
From Heav'n to ease his Punishment :
With that the Seignior humbly bow'd,
I'm well, says he, by all that's good ;
Then rising from his Royal Chair,

He thank'd me for my Skill and Care.


And from his own left Side he drew,
 And gave to me in publick View,
 This Bucks-horn handl'd Scymiter,
 Which, to my Honour, now I wear;
 Besides, a Purse of Gold, I'm sure,
 That at my Lodgings cost me more
 Than six full Hours to tell it o'er.
 A thousand Wonders more than these,
 This Salve has done beyond the Seas,
 Besides the mighty Cures at Home,
 And other Parts of Christendom;
 But that I hate to tire your Patience
 With long impertinent Relations.

Thirdly, Observe this little Paper,
 Which, without Flatt'ry, Boast, or Vapour,
 Contains, I justly may assert,
 The very Miracle of Art;
 That is, my *Pulvis Mineralis*,
 Prepar'd from Hodge Podge *Infernalis*.
 We Men of Learning, and of Skill,
 Sometimes in crabbed Words must deal;

For should we talk in Terms more plain,
 How would th' illit'rate Vulgar then
 Know we're more learn'd than other Men.

But as to this Vermatick Powder,
 More fam'd in *Wales*, than *Owen Tudor*,
 For curing those that are afflicted
 With Worms, to which they're much addicted ;
 Gen'rated chiefly from the Lees
 Of stinking Leeks, and toasted Cheese.
 This very Med'cine, I assert, is
 Worth the whole *Indies* for its Virtues ;
 For what avails the greatest Wealth
 To him that cannot purchase Health ;
 But note, that either Man or Woman,
 Marry'd or not, reserv'd or common,
 Breeding or kibbed, sick or lazy,
 Maids, Jades, or Thornbacks, crank or crazy,
 Green-sickness Wenches, young or old Boy,
 From swaddl'd Infant, to the tall Boy ;
 All Ages, Sexes, Rich or Poor,
 If troubled with the Worms, I'm sure
 This Powder is a speedy Cure.

If, I confess, implys a Doubt,
 When not one Mortal lives without ;
 For Worms, as says the famous *Harvey*,
 Are Epidemick as the Scurvy,
 And destroy more, upon my Word,
 Than Famine, Pestilence, or Sword.

Pale languid Looks, and fainting Fits,
 False and Voracious Appetites,
 Vomiting, Looseness, Trembling, Gripping,
 Laziness, and immoderate Sleeping,
 Want of Digestion, craving Drowth,
 Dull Eyes, dry Lips, and feav'rish Mouth,
 Unfav'ry Belches after Drinking,
 Foul Stomach, and a Breath that's stinking.
 All these are Symptoms, that will tell ye
 You've crawling Insects in your Belly,
 Nor is it there alone, we know,
 That these destructive Vermin grow,
 But also in the  il and Head,
 That these intestine Monsters breed.
 This makes young Wenches so unfettl'd,
 When the Worm bites, their Rumps are rattl'd.

So Maggots, that in Brains lie lurking,
 Who, like to Ants, are always working,
 Prey on the Fibres by degrees,
 As hungry Vermin nibble Cheefe,
 Till, to the Patient's great Abuse,
 They've let th' Immagination loose;
 Which wanting Bounds, confounds, we see,
 The Judgment, and the Memory.
 This is the Cause of Mens Distractions,
 And all their wild and wicked Actions.
 Therefore, if you would guard your Senses
 Against these dreadful Consequences,
 Take this my Powder, and 'twill clean ye
 From all those gnawing Plagues within ye,
 And purge off those Vermatick Juices,
 And slimy Dregs, thro' Nature's Sluces,
 That breed these Vermin, which we find
 So daily fatal to Mankind.

Once in my Travels, I remember,
 Thro' *China*, in the Month *December*,
 The King of *Tunquin*'s eldest Daughter,
 By eating Trash, and drinking Water,

Was

Was troubl'd with such griping Pains
 About her Bowels and her Reins,
 That not her Father's best Physician
 Could judge the Cause of her Condition;
 At last, the hearing of the Fame
 Of Doctor *Mendax*, that's my Name,
 Sent to my Inn two Maids of Honour,
 To beg that I would wait upon her.
 With that I posted to the Court,
 Rev'renc'd by all the nobler Sort;
 And when I'd felt her Pulse, and view'd her,
 I gave her but one Dose of Powder,
 Which in six Minutes time, or less,
 Caus'd her to void, I do profess,
 A Worm so like a Female Child,
 That all the gazing Courtiers smil'd;
 Whose monst'rous Figure you may see
 Portray'd in *Parey's* Surgery.

Dutch Fro's in Numbers have I cur'd
 Of Gripings scarce to be endur'd.

B' infusing

B' infusing this in Drams of *Nantz*,
 I've cleans'd their Wombs, and scowr'd from thence
 Whole Nests of Suterkins at once.



On Rich and Poor about this Town,
 Strange Wonders has this Powder done,
 And by its Medicinal Strength,
 Has brought forth Worms ten Foot in Length,
 Whose true Description you may see
 In my renown'd Epitome
 Of *Clark's Vermatick History*.



Therefore, if you would healthy be,
 With this small Paper you may free
 Your Selves and Children in your Arms,
 From these destructive Swarms of Worms,
 Who else like Canibals will treat ye,
 Destroy ye first, and after eat ye.

My last rare Med'cine, and the best,
 Fam'd thro' the World above the rest,
 Is to all Courts and Kingdoms known
 By th' Name of my *Orvieton*.

Within this Pot such Virtues dwell,
 Too num'rous for my Tongue to tell;

And

And if its Worth I can't explain,
 I'm sure no Mortal living can :
 'Tis richer than a Mine of Gold,
 Tho' 'tis but for a Trifle sold.
 'Tis ev'ry Med'cine you can name,
 And will for ever be the same :
 'Tis neither bitter, sharp, nor fulsome,
 But toothsome, and divinely wholsome,
 Yet after all 'tis but a Balsam ;
 But such I'd have the World to know,
 That no Dispensary can show ;
 For this has more Ingredients in it,
 Than I could name by this Day Se'ennight,
 And has more Gifts, or Virtues rather,
 Than all their Med'cines put together.

In the first place, 'tis known of old
 To expel Poysons hot or cold,
 As Arfnick, Vitriol, Antimony,
 Tho' working ne'er so vi'lent on ye ;
 Mercury crude or sublimated,
 Dulcify'd or precipitated,

From Herbs or Insects drawn or bruised,

Given mix'd, simply, or infus'd;

Cantharides or *Aquæ Fortis*,

No matter what destructive sort 'tis :

This inwardly apply'd, will cure

The dying Patient in an Hour,

Or else will I be found to forfeit

My All, and leave my self with bare Feet ;

And that's much more, my Servants know,

Than some Physicians have to shew.

All Bites of Serpent, Snake, or Adder,

Nute, Scorpion, Slow-worm, Toad, or Spider,

Pelonga, Noy, or Cockatrice,

That darts her Venom with her Eyes ;

Of Basilisk, or Salamander,

Whose Coldness damps the burning Cinder ;

Of Crocodile, or Aligator,

Or any other hurtful Creature,

That are by Nature Serpentine,

Or to that Hellish Brood a kin :

Sting of a Hornet, Bee, or Wasp,

Nat, Bug, Tarantula, or Asp ;

D d

Wound

Wound of a poyson'd Launce or Dart,
 Chew'd Bullet, tho' in any Part,
 This Pot of Balsam, I'll maintain it,
 By th' Herbs, Drugs, Oils, and Spices in it,
 Will cure, to th' Patient's Heart's Desire,
 As sure as Water quenches Fire:
 Warm it but o'er a Candle's Flame,
 So outwardly apply the same,
 And if you find it does not do
 The wond'rous Cures I promise you,
 Then I'll be hang'd, and my Horse too.

The King of *Siam*, by his Queen
 Poyson'd, because behind the Skreen
 She found he'ad us'd some am'rous Sport
 With a fair Lady of his Court;
 Tho' swell'd as big, I dare rely on't,
 As Elephant, or *Guild-Hall* Giant,
 So that his Sides, in spite of Chaffing,
 Burst out, you must not think with Laughing;
 Yet did this Balsam, I assure ye,
 (The same that I expose before ye.)

In half an Hour his Health recover,
 And made him full as sound as ever;
 For which I gen'rously was paid;
 And if in *Siam* I'd have stay'd,
 He would have given me a Pension
 Too tempting, and too large to mention.
 Craz'd Lovers, poor dejected Varlots,
 Old starving Bawds, discarded Harlots,
 Moaping Enthusiastick Priests,
 Mad Athiefts, and despairing Deists;
 Ambitious States-men disappointed,
 Old Bankrupt Traders quite disjointed;
 Young spendthrift Beaus, by Friends rejected,
 Maids got with Child, and then neglected,
 When poyson'd by themselves in Passion,
 Mov'd by the Devil's Instigation;
 This Antidote, upon my Word,
 Has not alone their Health restor'd,
 But brought 'em to their perfect Sense,
 As all the World can Evidence.

Therefore, if you preserv'd would be
 From all these Ills and Dangers free,

Win it, and wear it, buy it, take it;
 Such Health you'll find in this small Packet,
 That in the worst Distress, will never
 Fail ye, but make you live for ever:
 All for a trivial Sum I sell ye,
 So small, that I'm ashamed to tell ye,
 For 'tis not Money that I value;
 I travel for the Good o' th' Poor,
 And scorn to ask a Farthing more
 Than one small Six-pence for the four;
 And four such Med'cines, I am sure,
 So safe, so excellently pure,
 So well prepar'd, so truly good,
 Were never us'd since *Noah's Flood*.
 You that neglect, will wish you'd had 'em:
 You're welcome, Sir. Your Servant, Madam.

F I N I S.

N. B. Merry Andrew's Packet will be open'd in the next Part.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part II. Vol. II.

C A N T O II.

THE bouncing Quack's alluring Babble
 Prevailing with the list'ning Rabble,
 Old coughing Fools, and crazy Nurses,
 Began apace to draw their Purfes,
 Hoping that now they should be freed
 From Corns, and Coughs, and aching Head,
 And all the Plagues that wait each Day
 On Age, hard Labour, and Decay,
 Believing, as the Doctor said,
 They now should be immortal made;

And that his universal Medly,
 Were the Distemper ne'er so deadly,
 Would cure 'em, and prolong their Breath,
 In spite of Sicknefs, and of Death.
 So easy is it to delude.

A poor unthinking Multitude,
 That if the Bait be but inviting,
 The Angler need not fear their biting.

The wond'rous Hopes the Rabble had,
 Made 'em whip Six-pences like mad.
 Many amongst the foolish Crowd,
 Fond to promote the Doctor's Good,
 Gave in at once the total Sum
 They'd got about 'em, or at Home.
 So have I seen at Country Wedding,
 When Blockheads for the Gloves were bidding,
 An ostentatious Clown pull forth
 His Pouch, and lay down all his Worth;
 And when the tempting Prize he 'ad got,
 Thrash'd hard next Day to earn a Groat.

No sooner had the busy Quack
 Dispers'd his never-failing Pack
 Of Remedies 'gainst every Evil,
 Brought to the Doctor by his Devil,
 And fortify'd the Rabble Rout
 With Plaister, Pill, and Antidote;
 But those, who to preserve their Health,
 Had swop'd their little Stock of Wealth,
 Were moving each their diff'rent way,
 Some to their Work, and some to Play;
 Others more lazy, lewd, and common,
 To starve, beg, steal, or play the Woman:
 But *Andrew*, wanting to entice
 Their Stay, had fram'd a new Device
 To fish for Farthings, when his Master
 Had, by his Balsam, Pill, and Plaister,
 Their Silver from the Brags refin'd,
 And only left the Dross behind.
 So the proud Sharper, very oft,
 The better to effect his Craft,

His

His Lackey keeps thro' Ostentation,
 And passes for a Man of Fashion,
 Altho' he's often forc'd to make
 A Meal upon a Mutton Stake,
 Leaving his hungry Man to shift
 With the poor Scraps himself has left :
 So the Quack first secures the best,
 Then *Andrew* fishes for the rest.

The Fool, to stop their moving off,
 Invites 'em back with comic Laugh :
 Ya hoy, crys he, you're plaguy cunning ;
 Why, where the Devil are ye running ?
 I find you, like ungrateful Friends,
 Turn Tail when you have gain'd your Ends.
 So to a Feast should I invite ye,
 You'd stuff your Guts, and cry, Good bwi't'ye.
 But hold a little, why so fast ?
 Methinks you're all in woundy haste.
 Pray turn again, and hear the Tattle
 Of two Town-Gossips o'er a Bottle.

- " Says Madam *Frisk*, Come, here's a Glas
 " To him that loves a pretty Lads,
 " And dares to run thro' Fire and Water,
 " To Kifs his Neighbour's Wife or Daughter.
 " Come, fill a Bumper ; where's the Hurt ?
 " Is not this Tipling, pleasing Sport ?
 " Says Madam *Pert*, I vow and swear it,
 " These Men live rarely o'er their Claret.
 " Come, t'other Glafs: Upon my Life
 " The Devil would not be a Wife,
 " To steal a merry Hour in Fear,
 " Or sit at Home, and drink Small Beer,
 " Whilst ev'ry Night our rambling 'Spoufes
 " Shall tipple 'till they warm their Noses.
 " 'Tis very hard, says *Frisk* to *Pert* ;
 " But we as oft reward 'em for't ;
 " For when they're o'er the Bottle blest,
 " Don't we provide a standing Feast,
 " Which makes our Female Hearts as merry
 " As theirs o'er Claret or Canary ?

But

- " But still, says *Pett*, a Cup o'th' Creature
 " Makes ev'ry thing go down the better.
 " Wine is the only hug me t'ye,
 " That makes the Lover brisk and free.
 " Kisses, Love-Toys, and am'rous Prattle,
 " Are all dry Meat without the Bottle.
 " Says *Frisk*, Two good Things, I must own
 " Are better by a deal than one;
 " But if I can't have both, I'll rather
 " Content my self with one, than neither.
 " But prethee put the Glass about;
 " 'Gad sa' me, who'd have thought 'twas out.
 " Here, Drawer, bring us t'other Bottle:
 " How this Wine makes us Women tattle!
 " Could we but hear our Husbands chat it!
 " How their Tongues run, when they are at it!
 " Their Bawdy Tales, when o'er their Liquor,
 " I'll warr'nt would make a Woman snicker.
 " But hold; the Drawer's coming up,
 " Let's put to our Discourse a Stop:

- " Be silent when the Urchin enters,
 " And look as grave as two Dissenters.
 " Come, now he's gone, let's take a Glas.
 " The Minutes flee away apace.
 " Name some obliging pretty Health,
 " That we can only drink by Stealth.
 " Says *Pert*, agreed; let's both be free,
 " And drink like any Quality.
 " Here's to the Two that Kifs'd us last,
 " Rememb'ring all our Pleasures past,
 " And wishing those we have to come,
 " May prove the best in Christendom.
 " Well done, says *Frisk*, Such a dear Girl
 " Is worth th' Embraces of an Earl.
 " I'll pledge thee, *Pert*, with all my Heart.
 " 'Tis pity we should ever part.
 " I vow and swear 'tis charming Wine.
 " Well, now I've drank, the Toast is mine.
 " Come, fill your Glafs, be brisk and airy,
 " We've but a little Time to tarry.

- " A Health to all those merry Wives,
 " That keep up their Prerogatives,
 " And fearless dare, like us, pursue
 " Those Pleasures which their Husbands do,
 " Without the Dread of Kicking, Cuffing,
 " Or any jealous Cuckold's Huffing,
 " And will at all times, Tooth and Nail,
 " With Tongs or Ladle, Tongue and Tail,
 " Maintain that Right which Nature gave 'em,
 " In spite of those that would enslave 'em.
 " Well toasted, Faith, crys Madam *Pert*,
 " Here's the good Health with all my Heart.
 " Cuts Bobs, says *Frisk*, my Brains grow addl'd;
 " Hick-up, crys *Pert*, I think I'm fuddl'd.
 And when thus drunk, the giddy Huffsies
 Reel'd Home to their cornuted 'Spouses :
 " Then, How now, Wife; why, what's the matter?
 " My Dear, 'tis nothing but a Vapour.
 " You're drunk, you Sow; you reel and slabber.
 " You lie, you Hog, I'm sick, but sober.

" Get

" Get you to Bed, you itagg'ring Beast.

" I won't, you Buck, at your Request.

" Go sleep, I say, you drunken Quean.

" You cross-grain'd Cuckold, what d' ye mean?

" Huffy, how dare you thus abuse me?

" Sirrah, how dare you thus misuse me?

" You Whore, be silent, or I'll kick ye.

" You Rogue, be civil, or I'll stick ye.

Rare merry Jades! upon my Life;

Who would not covet such a Wife?

Now, stay a little, and I'll tell ye

What Rarities I've here to sell ye.

Such Wonders will I make appear

From this poor little Packet here,

That have not hitherto been known

To any Conj'rer in the Town:

Yet I'm no upstart Albumazer;

Altho' a Fool, no Planet-Gazer;

That in this Coat has made a Sally

From the six Steps in *Raven-Alley*;

In this Disguise, to boast or brag on
 My Female Fern-Seed, or Black Dragon;
 For tho' I am a Fool, 'tis true,
 That's nothing; be it known to you,
 I am an exc'lent Doctor too;
 Tho' I can't such Merit plead
 As worthy fam'd Sir W—— R——d,
 Or help, like him, the Blind to Sight;
 Yet, be it known to that Great Knight,
 My Honour can both Read and Write.
 What, tho' I cannot Sole a Shoe,
 As some Astrologers can do,
 Or skip and tumble thro' a Hoop,
 As well as Doctor Nincumpoop:
 But thus much I'll be bold to say,
 Tho' they the Knave can better play,
 Yet I'll be bound to play the Fool
 In Coach, on Horse-back, Stage, or Stool,
 With the most topping, grave, and stately
 Physician, tho' 'tis Doctor G——th;.

Yet did I ever scorn to boast
 Of finding Silver Spoons when lost,
 Or making Sigils, to secure
 The buxom Jade from turning Whore.
 That Word, I know, sounds something rough;
 But from a Fool 'tis well enough;
 For we, altho' we pass for no Wits,
 Claim equal License with the Poets;
 For Kings have Fools, that sometimes spare not
 To speak what wiser Subjects dare not.

In short, I'm not about to cheat ye
 With Juglers Tricks, or yet to treat ye
 With Monsters, blazing Stars, or Comets,
 But with strange Powders, Pills, and Vomits;
 Such that have yet been never heard on
 By him that has the oldest Beard on.
 In the first place, this very Powder
 Deserves *Fame's* Trumpet, or a louder,
 Because, by its provoking Pow'r,
 'Twill cause more Mirth in half an Hour,

Yet

Than

Than all the Fiddlers, Pipers, Songsters,
 Young airy Harlots, Wits, and Punsters,
 Were every one, to play their Parts,
 And to their utmost shew their Arts.
 Infuse in Wine, in Ale, or Beer,
 The twentieth part of what is here ;
 Give it to Widow, Wife, or Maid,
 Old Thornback, or the squeamish Jade ;
 And tho' before she seem'd to be
 A Saint, all over Modesty,
 Pious, reserv'd, morose, unkind,
 Skittish, and coy, you'll quickly find
 'Twill quite subdue her stubborn Nature,
 And make her such an am'rous Creature,
 That be she High-Church, be she Whig,
 She'll muzzl' ye like a sucking Pig,
 And be so fond of him that gave it,
 That tho' a Maid, 'twill make her crave it,
 And plainly tell you, she must have it.

 }
 'Twill

'Twill cause a Saint to quit her Pray'rs,
 And dry up her repenting Tears;
 To Love's Enjoyments so incline her,
 That do but press her, and you'll win her
 To turn a kind obliging Sinner.
 In short, 'twill make the Trades-man's 'Spouse
 Graft Horns upon her Husband's Brows;
 Betray him, cheat him by the by,
 And pick his Pocket, to supply
 Some starving Stallion of the Town,
 With Cloaths, and now and then a Crown.
 'Twill make a D——s slight her Honour,
 And let some Scoundrel live upon her;
 Provoke Great Ladies to be Cullies
 To brainless Beaus, and blust'ring Bullies.
 This is the Charm that tempts rich Fools
 To marry worthless Jilts and Trulls,
 And draws the Man of G—— to wed
 The Leavings of his Lordship's Bed

This

This makes rich Fortunes from their Coaches
 Fall head-long into Sharpers Clutches,
 And prize the Dregs of their Debauches
 Before the Man of Worth and Sense,
 That wants the other's Impudence.
 'Twill op'rate, us'd as I have shew'd ye,
 From the Court-Lady, to the Dowdy,
 As well upon the Dame of Worth,
 That boasts of her illustrious Birth.
 The Hypocrite, that's always pleading
 For Honour, Modesty, and Breeding,
 As well as she that's born to carry
 The Milk-Pail from the Cow to th' Dairy.
 'Twill make them all break *Vertue's* Chains,
 And prize Mens Backs much more than Brains.
 Besides, fair Dames, I'd have you know't,
 'Twill op'rate on our Sex to boot :
 On Scholars, Trades-men, Soldiers, Sea-men,
 All sorts of Men, as well as Women.

One Dose will make a Fool despise
 A vertuous Wife, that by him lies,
 And give him a lascivious Itching
 To ramble o'er the Town a Bitching.
 'Tis exc'lent good for Ladies Maids,
 Their Women, or their Chamber-Jades,
 To give their Lords, when they would bob
 Their Ladies of a merry Job.
 Did they but know what pleasant Sport
 'Twould make, it would be priz'd at Court
 From the Great Leacher puff'd with Pow'r,
 To th' humble P—— that guards the Door.

Let but the City Dame infuse it,
 So that her 'Prentice may but use it,
 And I dare warrant for a Truth,
 'Twill so inspire the am'rous Youth,
 That boldly, fearless of Disaster,
 He'll make a Cuckold of his Master.
 In short, 'twill so improve the Sense
 With head-strong Lust and Impudence,

That by its Help, a Country Clown
 May bear a Dame of Honour down ;
 And for his masculine Approaches,
 Be made thrice welcome to a Dutcheſs.
 One Virtue more, which is not common,
 It cures all Barrenneſs in Woman ;
 Removes what does Conception hinder,
 And makes her touch and take like Tinder,
 Provided ſhe'll be rul'd by Reaſon,
 And be well plough'd and ſow'd in Season.
 Therefore, if any of you want
 A brisk young Huſband, or Gallant ;
 Or any Spark, to bleſs his Life,
 Needs a kind Miſtreſs, or a Wife :
 Or if no Children you can bear,
 But live in Pain to have an Heir,
 Give but this Powder as directed,
 Your Buſ'neſs will be ſoon effected.
 Both Sexes may ſupply their Wants
 With Wives, Whores, Huſbands, and Gallants:

The poor Man's House abound with Brats,
 As Country Barn with Mice and Rats ;
 And Parishes be fill'd with By-blows
 As thick as Butchers Stalls with Fly-blows,
 When every blue-ars'd Insect rambles
 Abroad, to persecute the Shambles.

The next rare Instance of my Skill,
 Is th' only Wonder of a Pill ;
 It purges both the Guts and Brains,
 And carr's off all those pricking Pains
 That shall at any time torment
 The hide-bound Conscience of a Saint.
 It widens all those narrow Rules
 That check Enthusiastick Fools,
 And qualifies their Minds, to take
 All sorts of Oaths for Int'rest sake.
 Warm costive Zeal it cools and supples,
 And stretches all restraining Scruples ;
 Looffens all Sacramental Ties,
 And all their Holy Force destroys ;

So that they may Commune with those,
 When Int'rest leads them by the Nose,
 Whom in their treach'rous Hearts they hate,
 And worse than K——s abominate.
 It also purges from within 'em
 All Notions of the *Jus Divinum*,
 And scowrs off all such H—— C—— Matter,
 As clean as D—— F——'s new Satyr:
 But if without fide you would be
 From Fundament-Pollution free,
 As my Pill works, and proves effective,
 Be sure you wipe with his Invective.

It also stops all Veneration
 For ancient H—— C—— Ordination,
 And raises an immortal Loathing
 To E——s, and their S—— Cloathing.
 It also strengthens Head and Heart,
 Tongue, Tooth, and Nail, and ev'ry Part,
 And arms them with a woful Caution
 Against C—— W—— and Devotion;

Strongly

Strongly inclines them to prefer
 Dull Hodge Podge to the C—— P——;
 Provokes them to reproach, despise
 Guides, who are learned, grave, and wise,
 And makes them follow prating F——s,
 That cant like K——s, and hoot like O——s.

Besides, as true as here we live,
 'Tis a most rare Restorative
 For any wav'ring He or She,
 That's fall'n from their Hypocrisy.
 'Twill make 'em sigh, dissemble, pray,
 And Chapters read nine times a Day;
 Yet shall they make it their Endeavour
 To cheat and lie as bad as ever;
 Look as demure as Saints, yet drive at
 The worst of Vices, when in private.
 If Holy Sister, wanting Grace,
 By Chance supplies a Harlot's Place,
 And takes a kind refreshing Sh——
 Upon the Bed of lawless Love;

This

This Pill, if swallow'd in due time,
 Shall quite extenuate the Crime ;
 Expel the Dregs of her Transgression,
 And purge off the Abomination ;
 Restore her puritannick Face
 To all its old dissembling Grace,
 And cause the Brethren to believe her
 As good a true-blue Saint as ever.
 If any Pharisee among ye
 Should meet a Sinner, that should wrong ye,
 And fire the Tools of Generation
 With some Venereal Inflammation ;
 Nay, tho' the vile Disease be rooted,
 And you are ne'er so bad polluted,
 Take this, 'twill qualify the Flame,
 And smother all the burning Shame
 So secretly, that none shall guess
 Ye are defil'd with Wickedness.
 This pow'rful Pill at first did I
 Prepare for Saints, that trod awry.

Thousands

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Thousands 't'as cur'd, I do aver it,
 Who've sinn'd against the Holy Spirit,
 And have been clapp'd in woful Case,
 In spite of all restraining Grace.
 Therefore I call it to this Day,
 My *Pilula Fanatica*.

Thirdly, This small *Venetian* Bottle,
 So prim, so pretty, and so little,
 Contains a Beauty-Wash, not common,
 The best that e'er was us'd by Woman ;
 Tho' she be ninety Years, or more,
 'Twill bring her back to twenty four,
 And so repair old wither'd Maids,
 And set off founder'd wrinkl'd Jades,
 That Bawds at sixty shall go down
 With Country 'Squires at half a Crown.
 Ladies or Dowdies, Wives or Lasses,
 With Scarlet or Pimgennet Faces,
 Tho' caus'd by drinking much cold Tea,
 Punch, Nectar, Wine, or Ratifea.

This

This cures their Redness without fail,
 And brings them to a charming Pale,
 And so prevents all future Flushing,
 That they may drink on without blushing.

Representing Whores and common Drabs,
 Pepper'd with Pocky Itch, or Scabs,
 Who have for Years been never free
 From the Venereal Leprosy;
 Let them but wash their Limbs or Features,
 Disgrac'd with these malignant Tetters,
 And this will renovate their Faces,
 Rectify all those fretting Places,
 That scar'd their Culls from their Embraces.

All Dandruff, Morpew, Scurff, or Tan,
 Caus'd by Heat, Nastiness, or Man,
 It fetches off from any Place,
 And leaves the Skin as smooth as Glass.
 All Country Jugs, with Sun-burnt Faces,
 Brown Joans, and Wainscot-colour'd Lasses,

Droll Act'resses, Balcony Mounters,
 Punks, Strolers, Market Dames, and Bunters,
 Courfe *Wapping* Weather-beaten Trulls,
 That ply amongst the Oars and Skulls,
 May all, by th' Help of this same Wash,
 Be made so beautiful and fresh,
 That Sweet-hearts aft'r 'em will be crowding,
 Like hungry Dogs to dirty Pudding :

Each Sea-Commander will be glad
 To turn their Aprons up like mad,
 Without confid'ring, or regarding
 Whether the Friggot he is boarding,
 May prove a Fire-ship, to decoy him
 On Board, to burn him, and destroy him.

Besides the Virtues I have nam'd,
 And for your Good aloud proclaim'd ;
 One more I am about to mention,
 That most deserves your grave Attention :
 If any kind young pretty Maid,

Upon a Couch, Chair, Stool, or Bed,
 Should chance to stretch her Maidenhead,

H h

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So

So that, if known, 'twould be by most
 Good Folks suspected to be lost;
 Let them in this but dip a F—t—r,
 And rub it round their ft——g L——r,
 And they shall find that 'twill restore
 What they believ'd they'd lost before;
 And do their Bus'ness ten times better,
 Than Doctor N—n—ck's Allum Water.

Let any Mother of the Maids,
 That deals at Court in Maidenheads,
 But teach her Pupils this rare Art,
 Which I so frankly here impart,
 And the crack'd Vessel may repair,
 If brisk and young, her broken Ware;
 And pass her Maid'nhead, if she's found,
 To some lewd Fop for fifty Pound:
 Nay, let her but repeat the same,
 Change but her Eye-brows, and her Name,
 And tho' a common hackney Jade,
 This will restore the Punk a Maid.

Thus may she daily live a Whore,
And still cheat those that do not know'r.
Therefore I justly title this
My Stiptick *Aqua Veneris*.

If any Man, Wife, Son, or Daughter,
Wants my Pill, Powder, or my Water,
Now, now's the time for Saints and Sinners
To wash off all past Misdemeaners.
Old Leachers, Harridans, and Cracks,
To mend their Bellies, and their Backs,
Here's something that I'm sure will please
Wives, Widows, Maids, of all Degrees,
From lofty Whores, that ride in Coaches,
To those that live by their Debauches.
Yet will they cost you but a few Pence;
Take my three Prodigies for two Pence:
Buy 'em, they're yours for little Coin;
If not, they're still the Fool's, that's mine.

F I N I S.

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Part III. Vol. II.

C A N T O III.

A *Utumn*, that Raggamuffin Thief,
That blows down ev'ry fading Leaf,
And robs each fruitful Plant and Tree
Of all their pleasing Verdency ;
Beginning now his searching Reign,
Which feeble Age endures with Pain ;
Dreaded by all, whose old Debauches
Have brought their crazy Limbs to Crutches,
And fill'd 'em with repenting Aches :

'Twas then, when *August* near was spent,
 That *Bat*, the *Grilliado'd* Saint,
 Had usher'd in his *Smithfield*-Revels,
 Where Punchionelloes, Popes, and Devils
 Are by Authority allow'd,
 To please the giddy gaping Crowd.

T' encrease the Numbers of the Fools
 That thither flock'd in mighty Shoals,
 I mov'd with the tumultuous Stream,
 To view the Fair, that Devil's Dream,
 In hopes to meet with some new Droll,
 So Hyperbolically dull,
 Play'd so prepost'rously and madly,
 So wrong, so exquisitely sadly,
 That I might praise it, when I'ad seen it,
 For something very odious in it,
 As Ladies do those ill-shap'd Creatures,
Dutch Mastiffs, for their ugly Features.

No sooner had I pass'd the Gate,
 Where fetter'd Villains dread their Fate,

And enter'd into *Gilt-Spur Street*,
 But such a Nofegay did I meet,
 Arifing from the Pig and Pork,
 Of greafy Cooks at sweating Work,
 Enough to 've made a faithlefs *Jew*,
 Or freckly *Scotch*-man Keck or Spew,
 Who are of Swine's-Flefh much affear'd,
 E'er fince the Devil drown'd the Herd,
 And brought the Hogs he had poffeft,
 To a bad Market at the beft.
 Poor Creatures fo to loofe their Lives!
 But needs muft, when the Devil drives.

At laft I came into the Fair,
 Where Crowds in fuch Confufion were,
 Acting as if bereft of Wits,
 Like fo many loofe *Bedlamites*;
 Some fqueezing in amidft the Rout,
 And others elbowing to get out.
 Fair Ladies clinging close to Cullies,
 Jilts guarded from Affronts by Bullies;

White-Apron Whores in home-spun Dresses,
 Link'd Arm in Arm by Pairs and Leashes,
 Dogg'd by reforming Pimps, who watch 'em,
 Hoping in some Intrigue to catch 'em,
 That when detected, they might snack
 The sinful *Premium* each poor Crack
 Had gladly earn'd upon her Back.
 Laborious Alley-Slaves in Swarms,
 Their Trulls with Bastards in their Arms,
 Squalling and roaring to be fed
 With Apples, Pears, and Ginger-Bread.
 Some pregnant Dames, well plough'd and sow'd,
 Or, as the *Scotch* will have it, mow'd,
 Were strutting with their Bellies big,
 Longing, as I suppose, for Pig,
 Brought thither to their Husband's Cost,
 Least *Hans en Kelder* should be lost:
 For how uneasy must their Lives
 Be made, that stint great Belly'd Wives?

Young am'rous 'Prentic'd Beaus and Blades,
 Stoll'n out with Cooks and Chamber-Maids,
 To view the Wonders of the Fair,
 And next, upon a Tavern-Chair
 To take a Taste of Love's Delight,
 And so walk home by Nine at Night,
 One stepping in before the other,
 Denying that they've been together.
 So the young Lass, that bends her Love
 Tow'rd him her Parents disapprove,
 Steals out to Kiss him by the by,
 Then seals the Secret with a Lie.

Old Cits, with jolly Wives and Daughters,
 Young Jilts, with gen'rous Fornicators;
 Fair Concubines, with keeping Cullies,
 And Rural Swains, with Jugs and Dollies,
 Jumbl'ing and jostling to and fro,
 Some from, and others to a Show.
 Pick-pockets for a Booty diving,
 Whores plying, Hackney Coach-men driving;

Cooks winding up their ratling Jacks,
 Preparing Food for Culls and Cracks;
 Some sweating very hard at Work,
 In basting Meazly Pig and Pork,
 Whilst greasy Pearls of Serum ran
 From their Brows into th' Dripping-pan.
 Who knows but Human Fat, tho' fulsome,
 May make the Flesh of Hog more wholesome?
 Since 'tis allow'd extreamly good
 In Med'cine, pray why not in Food?

Others stood busy at their Doors,
 In dirty Shirts, some fine, some coarse,
 Tinctur'd beneath the Arm-pits, yellow,
 By their own nauseous melted Tallow,
 Each crying out with Boatswain's Voice,
Here's dainty Pig, and Pork that's choice,
Crisp, brown, and fine; most nicely ready:
You're welcome, Sir: Walk in, my Lady.
 Then down he rubs his shining Hairs,
 And dries his dripping sweaty Ears

Next, stepping nimbly as a Grig,
With the same Clout he wipes his Pig:

Rare Pig and Pork, my Lads and Lasses ;
Walk in ; step up, and take your Places.

So the poor Nurse, when she's in haste
To get her good Man's Dinner drest,

Does oft with shitten Dish-clout clean
The greasy Porridge-pot within ;

Thus makes the Rag, that's once defil'd,
Serve both the Kitchen, and the Child.

Therefore 'tis said by wise old Matrons,
Most Nurses will be nasty Slatterns.

All sorts of Noises blended were,
T' improve the Musick of the Fair.
Drums ratling, Lott'ry-Trumpets farting,
And croaking Fools their Lungs exerting.
Young Flat-caps, with extended Throats,
Crying their Damsons, Pears, and Nuts.
Boys with their penny Cat-calls tooting.
The Mob at *Merry Andrew* shouting.

The Actors bawling to the Rabble,
 A Riot here, and there a Squabble;
 That twenty thousand wild Cats squalling,
 Met at one gen'ral Catterwowing,
 With a large Pack of deep-mouth'd Dogs,
 Mix'd with a Herd of grunting Hogs,
 In Confort could not have supply'd us
 With Discord so confus'dly hideous:
 Nay, *Hell* and *Bedlam* broken loose,
 Could scarce so damn'd a Noise produce;
 Or in a truer Emblem show us
 The wretched State of those below us.

Next, I the wooden World beheld,
 That did such various Wonders yield,
 Built for imaginary Princes
 To strut in Buskins, and in Tinsel;
 From whence Philosophers might learn
 To treat proud Majesty with Scorn,
 And gaze with a reproachful Eye
 On all their Pomp and Vanity.

For if a stroling strutting Ape,
 Crept into an Heroick Shape,
 Can to the Life, with graceful Art,
 Perform a gallant Hero's Part ;
 And Punk, that lives by her Debauches,
 Can represent some beauteous Dutcheſs,
 Th' Originals, ſome fooliſh Puppies
 May think no better than the Coppies,
 So fancy Honour but a Whim,
 Leſſen its Worth in their Eſteem,
 And think all Grandure but a Dream ;
 For Peaſants nothing truly know
 Of Greatneſs, but by outward Show.
 Therefore, what Notions muſt they have
 Of a King mimick'd by a Slave,
 Or haughty States-man by a Knave ?
 None can a Giant's Stature gueſs,
 That only ſees his Picture leſs.

Thus gazing on the glitt'ring Trains,
 Stoll'n out from bawdy Nooks and Lanes,

Where the lewd Punk and Jack of Dandy
 Carouse at Night o'er *English* Brandy;
 And *Smithfield* Queens, disrob'd of Pride,
 In tatter'd Smocks their Honour hide,
 'Till City Cull, with half a Crown,
 Knocks all that Princely Greatness down,
 That look'd so proud on flit-deal Throne.
 At last, as staring round about,
 With Eyes advanc'd above the Rout,
 A pompous Train, in great Decorum,
 Popp'd out, with an old Fool before 'em,
 And march'd in State behind the Tony,
 The utmost length of the Balcony.
 The Zany, grinning, danc'd along,
 To please the much more foolish Throng,
 That crowded Ankle deep in Dirt,
 To laugh at *Merry Andrew's* Sport,
 Who labour'd hard t' oblige the Affes
 With antick Tricks, and odd Grimaces.

A strutting, frowning, Bullet-headed
 Brawny Bravado, next succeeded;
 Knit Brows and a Majestick Scorn
 Did his stern Countenance adorn;
 And when his Eyes vouchsaf'd to throw
 One Glance upon the Fools below,
 The Favour which the Tyrant show'd,
 Was with such Insolence bestow'd,
 As if some frenzical Conceit
 Had made him, in Opinion, Great,
 And crown'd the Bully, in his Fancy,
 Monarch of some strange Land beyond Sea
 So raving *Bedlamites* (poor Souls!)
 On Beds of Straw in Piss-burnt Holes,
 When miserably drawn beside
 Their Wits, by an Excess of Pride,
 Believe, when most bereft of Senses,
 They're some strange forreign Kings or Pi
 The Cap the stalking Hero wore,
 Was set with *Bristol* Jems before:

On

On top, stood mounted, most compleatly,
 A Plume, to make him tall and stately,
 Whose lofty cock'ring feather'd Pride
 Nodded at each Majestick Stride.
 Thus did he straddle up and down,
 Like stalking Cock with copple Crown,
 Looking in his fantastick Gere,
 Proud as the crowing Chanticleere.
 To add an awful modern Grace
 To his broad Shoulders, and his Face,
 His Head was drown'd in Horse-hair Wig,
 Profusely long, and hugely big,
 Which o'er his Back dishrevel'd lay,
 To make his Majesty more gay,
 Hanging from's Head, that Brainless Lump,
 Some Inches down below his Rump,
 Like the long Locks of *Adam's* Wife,
 When painted by the Tree of Life.
 His *Roman* Mantle, and his Dress,
 Were so bedaub'd with Copper Lace,

That had the Metal been translated,
 Which made the Mimmick so conceited,
 It would have prov'd (some Tinker's Thought)
 Enough to've made a Porridge-Pot :

But yet beneath his Robes of State,
 His Britches seem'd of ancient Date,
 New vamp'd, upon this grand Occasion,
 Against his Kingship's Coronation.

Nor did his Hands-Skoons well agree

With his Majestick Finery,

His Paws be'ng cover'd with a Pair

Of Gloves, clean wash'd against the Fair,

Which look'd of such a tawny Yellow,

Scarce fitting for so fine a Fellow:

But well ma' imaginary Lords

Grow saving, who have got no Hoards,

Since Quality use now-a-days

The very same penurious Ways.

Thus dress'd, with Buskins round his Shanks,

He stalk'd along the yielding Planks

In Shoes, which by their clumsy Tread,
 Seem'd lately foal'd, or under-laid.
 A good Shift too! for I have seen
 A stroling Monarch, and his Queen,
 In Country Barn, the Hobs amuse,
 With but one Heel to both their Shoes.

A Princess next to her dear Bully,
 Mov'd most Majestically slowly;
 Yet at each leisure stately Stride,
 She stretch'd her self most wond'rous wide,
 To shew what Room there was between
 Those Legs, where many a Spark had been.
 Her wither'd Face, long blown upon
 By half the Rake-Hells of the Town;
 Publick in Stews, as on the Stage,
 Decay'd by Physick, more than Age,
 Was now touch'd up with so much Air,
 And painted so divinely fair;
 Improv'd by Secrets she had bought
 In Viol, Box, and Gally-pot;

From

From whence, new Charms were plaister'd on,
To fit her for a *Smithfield* Throne.

Her Eye-Brows were to Arches turn'd,
Shap'd by a Cork in Candle burn'd,
Like *Cupid's* Bows, from whence her Darts
Were shot, to wound unwary Hearts.

Her Lips of a Vermilion Dye,
Look'd so inviting to the Eye,
That ev'n the very Words she said,
Must needs be tinctur'd o'er with Red,
The Paint was so profusely spread.

}

Her Cheeks, which knew not how to blush,
Were stain'd with such a charming Flush,
That none could see, for Paint and Patches,
The Reliques of her lewd Debauches.

Her Bubbies, which she forward thrust,
Boil'd o'er her Stays with very Lust,
That tho' she lov'd, behind the Curtain,
To sip off, now and then, a Quartan,

L

Yet

Yet none could view her, but must think,
 O'th' two, she'd rather Whore, than Drink.
 Her feather'd Plumes, and borrow'd Locks,
 Gave to her Charms, new Baits and Hooks;
 With Diamonds sticking round her Head,
 In *Southwark*, at some Glas-House made,
 Which added to her plaister'd Face,
 Such a true Play-House Jilting Grace,
 That her affected Looks, and Cloathing,
 Would turn one's Liking to a Loathing:
 For borrow'd Charms appear but Apish,
 And Punks, in spite of Art, but Trapish.

Her Honour's Petticoat and Gown,
 Were nicely made of blew Saloon,
 Which had long since, without a Joke,
 Lin'd some Lord's Coach-Man's Liv'ry Cloak;
 which, thro' some botching Fool's Assistance,
 Look'd most Refulgent at a Distance,
 Embroider'd round with fine gilt Leather,
 Or Tinsey pink'd, I know not whether ;

Adorn'd

Adorn'd with here and there a Spangle,
 That made her glitter like an Angel;
 In which the scornful Gipsy trod
 As stiff, as stately, and as proud,
 As Dutcheſs at a Queen's Cor'nation,
 Or Lord Mayor's Horſe in Grand Proceſſion.
 Her Train, from her poſterior Grope-hole,
 Was full as long as any Hop-pole,
 Born by two Pages up, well known
 To be both Baſtards of her own,
 Being either big enough to trot
 For Quartan, or for Ale-Houſe Pot,
 Or watch the Door, upon Occaſion,
 Whilſt Mother's at her Occupation,
 Dealing to ſome young Cull above,
 Twelve Pen'worth of her Luſtful Love.

Next came a Pack of mincing Jades,
 Attending as her Grace's Maids
 Of Honour, tho' alas! the Title
 Avail'd the Baggages but little;

For when their waiting Hours were done,
Then, as you were, Whores ev'ry one.

Behind these, came two Bully Hecks,
With feather'd Cock'd up Cordebecks,
In Pils-burnt Wigs, and tawdry Dresses,
Made fine with tatter'd Copper Laces,
From Skirts and Sleeves about the Edges,
Hanging like Sheeps Wooll torn by Hedges :
These were in Sight of the Beholders,
To Fight in Jest, like Train-band Soldiers,
'Till one was Slain by Dint of Tilt,
Without one Drop of Blood being spilt.

Next these, there came two cringing Beaus,
Ordain'd by th' Poet, I suppose,
To represent a fawning Sort
Of Flatt'ers that attend a Court ;
Who were to humour in the Droll,
King *Bounce*, and his imperious Trull.

Thrones must have Sycophants about 'em,
Alas ! there's nothing done without 'em.

The rest were sneaking Pimps and Slatterns,
 From *Tower-Hill*, *Whapping*, and *St. Kathar'ns*,
 Who look'd as if they were, within,
 To act the same they'd always been;
 Thus play the Parts of Rogues and Whores,
 And never change their Characters;
 For true low Comedy best suits
 A stroling Pack of Knaves and Sluts:
 For she that is a Jilting Jade
 By Education and by Trade,
 Must needs to great Perfection play
 The Part she studies ev'ry Day.
 So he that's Roguish in his Heart,
 Must well perform a Villain's Part,
 Because it is his constant Pains,
 To practise what we think he feigns.
 But when a Scoundrel represents
 A Valiant and a Vertuous Prince,
 The huffing, strutting, silly Cur
 Does so confound the Character,

And

And Vertue does so lamely shew,
 'Twould make a skilful Audience Spew:
 But when old *Smithfield* undertakes
 To shew us Drunkards, Whores, or Rakes,
 They play their Pranks so wond'rous well,
 That they the Theatre excel;
 Because we see in ev'ry Part,
 Their own true Nature, void of Art:
 But if they're rais'd above their Sphere,
 And in Majestick Robes appear,
 Their Heroes they like Bullies paint,
 And make the Devil of a Saint;
 Whilst R——s Slaves, or C——s Fools,
 Well skill'd in old Dramatick Rules
 Can alter both their Meins and Phizes,
 Screw up to Kings, or sink to Niseys,
 And be whate'er the Poet pleases.

Behind the strutting Train, appears
 A hung'ry Guard of Halbertiers,

Old,

Old, Crafy, Spindle-shank'd, and Tall,
 Long Nos'd, thin Jaw'd, and Pale withall,
 Looking, with Eyes funk into Sockets,
 Like Ghosts drefs'd up in Yeomens Jackets.
 These were the ill-look'd Guard *du Cor'*
 To Majesty, stalk'd on before,
 In all the Risques the Hero run
 Of Bayliff, Prefs-Gang, or of Dun;
 Three Dangers, which his Royal Person
 Ne'er car'd to Face, but turn'd his Arse on,
 Left th' Actions of fuch wicked Men
 Should put a Period to his Reign;
 For should they lay vile Hands upon him,
 They'd firft most shamefully Dethrone him,
 Difrobe him next, and after Bone him.

The Hero thus, with painful Struts,
 Led up his tawdry Knaves and Sluts,
 Mix'd to improve the pompous Show,
 With here and there a Rakish Beau,

Attended, as before you've heard,
 With an old Candle-Snuffing Guard;
 All moving, to allure the Eye,
 In a long Train, as Wild Geese fly;
 Each strutting Ape, and jutting Strumpet,
 Stepping in Confort with the Trumpet:
 To add to whose *Bellonian* Sound,
 A Drum was beaten on the Ground,
 By an old Red-Coat tatter'd Scrub,
 To imitate the Kettle Dub;
 From whose inspiring Tub-like Tone,
 The Bully seated on his Throne,
 Might fancy 'nself to be the Thing
 He represented, that's a King.

Thus in their Pomp I left the stroling
 Prepost'rous Mimicks to their Fooling,
 Squeezing along the Fair, to please
 My self with some new Rarities.

At length I made another Stop,
 To view the Dancers of the Rope;

Fond to oblige my wand'ring Eyes
 With Lady Betty's Legs and Thighs,
 Exempt from any wicked Thought
 Of Love's inviting Beauty-Spot,
 Because, tho' am'rous, 'twas obscene,
 To think of what was plac'd between :
 Tho', when a Youth beholds the Punks,
 In their alluring Smocks and Trunks,
 I must confess, 'twould be no Wonder
 For him to covet what was under.

Thought I, this is that Wooden College,
 Where Impudence, instead of Knowledge,
 Inspires the Buffoon'ry Fool,
 Untaught in any other School,
 To change his Comical Condition,
 And Commence travelling Physician,
 Who for one Fortnight in the Year,
 Will still his painted Doublet wear ;
 And all th' eleven Months beside,
 Does Quacking round the Country ride,

To kill the Sick, and darken quite
 Those Eyes that had but little Sight.
 But why should Men with such Denision,
 Scoff *Merry Andrew* turn'd Physician,
 Since the learn'd Doctor, bred at School,
 Repugnant to the common Rule,
 Does *Vice versa*, oft turn Fool?

When I had view'd the Ladies Limbs,
 And all their Members, but their Whims ;
 Nicely examining their Faces,
 Set off with *Bridewell* Charms and Graces,
 Out popp'd a Damfel on a suddain,
 In Colour like a Hog's black Pudding,
 An *Ethiopian* merry Crack,
 With Lady's Legs, but *Sampson's* Back,
 Full Chest, broad Shoulders, Buttocks plump,
 So strongly built, from Neck to Rump,
 As if a Score of drudging Porters,
 Could not have tir'd her strenuous Quarters.

Thought

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Thought I, this black Infernal Maulkin,
 Must needs entice the Mob to walk in,
 For who'd not readily advance
 A Sice, to see the Devil Dance.

The Male Performers Faces were
 All stigmatiz'd with such an Air,
 No Man could guess but, by their Looks,
 Their Fingers must be Fishing-Hooks.
 So that had T——r view'd the Vermin,
 It would have puzzl'd 'm to determin,
 Which by their Phiz'nomy was chief
 Of their Degrees, Quack, Fool, or Thief.
 One Caperer above the Rest,
 In his high-flying Trousers drest,
 With Hat squeez'd down upon his Block,
 Turn'd up into the Tyburn Cock;
 Had something in his Looks external,
 So damn'd deceitful and infernal,
 That in each Brow was plainly shown,
 The Print of what he danc'd upon.

Thought

Thought I, if any thing there be
 Of Truth in Phiziognomy,
 As certain as that Forehead thine is,
 So sure will *Fanis* be thy

F I N I S.

N.B. *The Pastimes of the Musick-Houses, and the Humours of the Cloisters, shall be contain'd in the next.*

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Part IV. Vol. II.

NE A R to this Hempen Dancing-School,
 Where a fam'd Doctor play'd the Fool,
 A Booth diminutive their stood,
 Where Pigmy Actors, made of Wood,
 Were leaning o'er a Canvas Clout,
 And squeaking to the Rabble Rout.
 As the two Puppets thus were sporting,
 Guided by Hands behind the Curtain,
 Young *Coridon*, from Country Farm,
 With *Phillis* hanging on his Arm,
 Dress'd up in all their Rural Pride,
 As fine as Bridegroom and his Bride,

Were gazing round, to feast their Eyes
 With the Fair's tempting Rarities :
 No sooner had they fix'd their Peepers
 Upon the Life-less Whipper-Snappers,
 But *Roger* jogging of his *Dolly*,
 And pointing up, to shew his Folly,
 Cry'd out, Wolaw ! there's little Folk :
 Ads Heart ! how prettily they talk ?
 Did'st ever see two prattling Fairies
 Before, so full of arch Figaries ?
 Look, look, *Joan*, how the Vezons fight !
 Who'd think they were so full of Spite ?
 What woundy Polts one gives the other ?
 Nouns, how he mauls his little Brother.

Says *Joan*, a Murrain take 'em both,
 E'en let 'em fight it out, in Troth,
 'Till one knocks t'other on the Head.
 No matter if they both were dead.
 These are the ugly Elves, that creep
 At Night, and nip us in our Sleep.

I'm sure their Fingers I may rue,
 They've often pinch'd me black and blue.
 Prethee, good *Roger*, let's pass by 'em,
 Methinks I tremble to be nigh 'em :
 Faw, ill-look'd Urchins, out upon 'em ;
 Had I my Will, I'm sure I'd Stone 'em.
 Thus *Joan*, be'ng not content to stay,
 Lugg'd *Roger* thro' the Crowd away.
 There's no resisting Female Force,
Grey Mare will prove the better Horse.

When thus the wrangling Clouts and Sticks
 Had pleas'd the Rabble with their Tricks,
 Out from a Door, or dusky Hole,
 There popp'd a Head upon a Pole,
 That had a much more frightful Phiz,
 Than *Magog* over little *Ease*.
 The Mob beheld with great Surprise,
 The Paste-board Nose and painted Eyes,
 Whilst frightened Children trembling star'd
 On his huge Whiskers, and his Beard.

The Hoop-stick Body, that was made
 To answer this prepost'rous Head,
 Was of so strange a Mushroom Nature,
 That it improv'd its growing Stature
 At least six Foot in half a Minute,
 By th' Help of some Device within it.
 To this Gigantick monst'rous Figure,
 Great as *Goliath*, if not bigger,
 A Centaur, to improve the Face,
 Came in, half Man, and half a Horse,
 Like a Rehearsal War-like Trooper,
 In Cloak that hid his Prancer's Crupper.
 This little Mortal of a Fellow,
 Scarce twice the Bulk of Puncheonello,
 Mounted upon a Steed with two Legs,
 That look'd most strangely with so few Legs,
 Such as *Droncanfo* oft has slain
 By whole Brigades in *Drury-Lane* ;
 Arm'd like a Warrior, did appear
 Fierce as Dragoon or Granadier.

This doubty Knight, in furious manner
 Riding abroad in search of Honour,
 Meeting the Giant in his way,
 Began a cruel Bloody Fray,
 And in his bold robust Attack,
 Flung him so hard upon his Back,
 That made his Hoop-stick Bones to crack.
 St. George, so fam'd in ancient Story,
 Could never merit greater Glory,
 Or strut with more victorious Pride,
 When he had thwack'd the Dragon's Hide,
 Than did the little *Don Furioso*,
 Tho' he perform'd his Part but so so.
 'Tis true, the Fight was fierce, but short,
 Th' unweildy Giant made no Sport;
 Tho' arm'd with a stupendious Club,
 Yet t'other gave him such a Drub,
 That did his Paste-board Noddle wound,
 And brought him head-long to the Ground;

At:

At which, the Mob huzza'd for Joy,

And cry'd aloud, *Well done, my Boy!*

Thought I, what Monarch would be proud
O'th' nauseous Flatt'ries of the Crowd,
Who thus bestow their noisy Shouts
On such prepost'rous Sticks and Clouts?

When with much Pain the Front I'd view'd,
And elbow'd thro' the Multitude,
I rambl'd round into the Rear,
To see the hair-brain'd Doings there,
Where a young Fry of Mob I found
In Boats and Coaches, flying round
Between the Heavens and the Ground.
Thought I, this represents most truly
The Rabble's Giddiness and Folly,
Who tho' they earn their Bread like Horses,
Yet never fail to draw their Purfes
To feed the Knave, that finds a Way
To please 'em on a Holy-day.

Thus

Thus he, who by his Wit advances
 New Whims, to rock their tott'ring Fancies,
 May be assur'd to gain his Ends,
 And make the giddy Fools his Friends.

The subtile preaching-gifted Saint,
 That can but humour 'm in his Cant,
 And lift 'em up into the Air,
 But nearer Heaven than they were ;
 Tho' like these Jim-cracks, in the main,
 He sets 'em gently down again,
 And leaves the Block-heads reinstated,
 Just as they were before he prated ;
 Yet, thro' their Ears, he finds a Way
 To pick their Pockets e'ery Day.

So Politicians form Devices,
 And raise new Whims, to please the Niseys ;
 Then take th' Advantage of their Blindness,
 And pass an Jnj'ry for a Kindness
 So sily, that the foolish Throng
 Shall hug the Man that does 'em wrong ;

And with their loud Huzza's, proclaim,
 In open Streets, his wond'rous Fame,
 Tho' all his fair Pretences, tend
 To gull and cheat 'em in the End.

C A N T O IV.

HAVING thus gratify'd my Eyes
 With these external Vanities,
 And, Squirril-like, with Hazle Nuts,
 Both tir'd my Jaws, and stuff'd my Guts,
 I squeez'd again into the Crowd,
 Where Musick-Booths in Clusters stood ;
 Invited by the Organs Hum,
 And Marshal Sound of Kettle Drum,
 With Trumpets, Fiddles, Hautboys, Flutes,
 That please the Ear with Scrapes and Toots :
 Thought I, if here I pitch my Tent
 'Till half an Hour or more be spent,

Something

Something may offer worth my View,
 Very ridiculous and new :
 Besides, beholding in the Entry,
 A dancing Female standing Centry,
 Loose rigg'd in Petty-coat and Smock,
 With leach'rous Brow, as black as Crock ;
 Her Skin unwrinkled, plump, and fair,
 Pretty her Face, and brisk her Air ;
 I could not shew so much ill Nature,
 As to pass by the tempting Creature ;
 But in I stepp'd, in hopes to please
 My Eyes with her Performances ;
 Not doubting, but the active Lads
 Had more Inducements, than her Face,
 That would our Admiration raise,
 And merit the Spectator's Praise.

Thus ent'ring, am'rously I prest
 With gentle Hand, her tender Breast,
 Which, thro' her Holland Smock, I found
 Was so inviting, plump, and round,

That had she in another Place
 Appear'd in some more modest Dress,
 I should have thought the pretty Jade
 To've been, as Times go now, a Maid.
 Then, putting by the Tapstry Skreen,
 By Madam I was usher'd in,
 Where more wild Projects were in use,
 Than *Hockley-Hole* could e'er produce,
 In order to delight the Rabble,
 Who crowding swarm'd at e'ery Table.
 Sots for more Brandy-Wine were bawling,
 Whores for more Cakes and Cyder calling;
 Some Sparks with Madams very fine,
 Were knocking, I suppose, for Wine;
 Others for Pipes and Candles roaring;
 The Tapsters in a Hurry scowring,
 With Jugs and Bottles, here and there,
 Confus'd like Helpers at a Fire,
 Who are so eager at their Labour,
 That one Man jostles down his Neighbour :

The Trumpets farting, Bautboys tooting,
 Some scraping, other Minstrels fluting,
 Strings breaking, and the Fiddlers fretting;
 All lab'ring, stinking, fizzling, sweating,
 Whilst noisy Crowds at Tables sat,
 And with the Musick mix'd their Chat.

I'th' middle, Tumblers, Clowns, and Slouches,
 Fools, Harliquins, and Scaramouches,
 Were join'd with Dancers bred to hop,
 Both on the Ladder, and the Rope :
 So that should *Fate* decree, that they
 Should live and die the self same way,
 Their *Exit* must be in their Calling,
 Either by Hanging, or by Falling;
 For any Conjuror, that sees
 Their Looks, and their Performances,
 Would guess, without much Calculation,
 They're under the Predestination
 Of dying some way in their Station.

21

No

No sooner had I edg'd my Haunch
 Upon a hard uneasy Bench,
 Amongst a Crowd of Sots, half boozy,
 With e'ery one his tattling Huzzy ;
 But from the Bar a nimble Imp,
 Whose Countenance proclaim'd him Pimp,
 Came scowring to me, and enquir'd
 What sort of Liquor I desir'd ?
 I told him, Half a Flask of White,
 Provided he could warr'nt it right.
 Good, says the Rascal, I'll maintain it.
 Sir, you shall have it in a Minute.
 But when he'ad brought it to the Table,
 Hoop'd round with Straw as thick as Cable,
 I guess, at most, there might be in't,
 Of Wine and Water, half a Pint,
 Such Stuff that ne'er had cross'd the Ocean,
 Each Glass more nauseous, than a Potion ;
 A curst Scandal to the Vine,
 That drank like Physick, more than Wine.

Thus he that is so full of Folly,
 As to mispend his Time so dully,
 Truly deserves (if they deceive him)
 No better Usage than they give him.

I had not been two Minutes seated,
 And by the Drawer thus out-witted,
 But sliding to my Table came
 A strapping Whore of *Amsterdam*,
 With Buttocks like a *Flanders* Mare,
 Dress'd in her Pendants, and her Hair,
 Looking as masculine and cloudy,
 As any *Amazorian* Dowdy.
 Madam, said I, my Service t'ye.
 Me thank you kindly, Sir, said she.
 With that, I ask'd her to sit down,
 Which she consented to as soon,
 Displaying all her *Belgick* Charms,
 In hopes to tempt me to her Arms:
 But, Nouns, thought I, an *English* Harlot,
 That stands the Tilt of ev'ry Varlot,

And

And turns up her infatiate Tail
 For Brandy, or for Bottled-Ale,
 Is a dear Angel of a *Pbillis*,
 To this *Dutch* bulky *Amarilis*.
 The Face of this *Batavian* Trull,
 Look'd broader than the Moon at Full,
 Invelop'd so with Rolls of Fat,
 'Twas quite as round, if not as flat.
 Her Udders look'd more large and flabby,
 Than the soft Bum of sucking Baby,
 Swelling from Shoulder unto Shoulder,
 Above her Stays, that scarce could hold her,
 As huge East Dumplings, when they're hot,
 Do o'er the Brim o' th' Porridge Pot.
 Her nauseous Breath stunk worse than Carr'in,
 Of oily Butter, and Red Herring,
 So strong, as if her Mouth above
 Had lately kifs'd the Lips of Love,
 And brought from thence a fishy Stink,
 Entail'd on that unfav'ry Sink.

When I had view'd the *Flemmish* Punk,
 And prais'd my Lady *Vanderdunk*;
 For Whores, tho' homely and ill-natur'd,
 Are ne'er too ugly to be flatter'd.
 Madam, said I, we often hear
 There's a strange Diff'rence, you know where,
 Between a true-born *English* Lass,
 And she that is of *Flemmish* Race:
 Pray therefore let me truly know,
 Whether Love's Cabinet below,
 For which we have such Veneration,
 Varies an Inch in Situation?
 Myn Heer, replys the smiling Fro,
 If you the Difference would know,
 Let us in private but repair
 To some snug Tavern in the Fair,
 And you shall freely, out of hand,
 Be satisfy'd how Matters stand.

Madam, said I, you're kind and pleasant,
 But truly I'm engag'd at presant,

Or else I should be glad to find,
 To which o' th' Parties you're inclin'd;
 Since you are free to let me know,
 Whether your Whim be high or low,
 Or that, like Trimmers now-a-days,
 (Whom Knaves delude, and Blockheads praise)
 You equally extend both ways.

The Fro believing from my Joaks,
 I fancy'd not her Butter-Box,
 Cock'd up her Head, took leave in Scorn,
 To seek one fitter for her Turn;
 And as the swanking Trull march'd off,
 I view'd the moving Kitchen-Stuff;
 But in my Life ne'er saw the Fellow
 Of such a broad-ars'd Blowzabella.

The Fidlers, with their Chaplets crown'd,
 Now gave the Mob a *Cheshire*-Round,
 To which, a Sloven paw'd the Floor,
 And us'd the same Steps o'er and o'er,

Scraping with's Feet the dirty Boards,
 Like Dung-hill Cock o'er Stable Turds,
 'Till the whole Company were tir'd,
 And he alone by 'mself admir'd.

Next came the Miller, with his Wife,
 And wanton Trull, that bred much Strife,
 All hopping to some Tune about,
 'Till with her Rival, *Joan* fell out,
 And left her Dancing, to attack
 The Rigging of her Spouse's Crack.

Betwixt 'em now, there was such Howling,
 Such Clawing, Tumbling, and such Rowling,
 So pleasing to the gazing Crowd,
 That all the Rout laugh'd out aloud.
 By which a wise Man may discern
 The Temper of the Mob, and learn,
 That nothing more delights the Brutes,
 Than Battels, Quarrels, and Disputes.

The Dame of Honour next advanc'd,
 Jutting along, as if she danc'd,

Dress'd up in good old *English* Stuff,
 Set off with Fardingale and Ruff,
 Such as good Hussifs, to their Praise,
 Put on in old Queen *Bess's* Days,
 When Peace and Plenty bless'd the Nation,
 And Honesty was more in Fashion.
 At length she stretch'd her Lanthorn Jaws,
 And sung a Ballad, with Applause,
 In which the list'ning Crowd were told
 What noble Ale she brew'd of old,
 And what brave ruby Noses won her,
 When Madam was a Dame of Honour.
 The Step, the Swinging of her Train,
 The Jut, the Motion of the Fan,
 The Bows, the Coupies, and the Faces,
 The Wiles, the Smiles, and other Graces,
 Which the arch Gypsy put upon it,
 Were so adapted to her Sonnet,
 That none knew which had most Delight,
 The Sense of Hearing, or of Sight :

Besides,

Besides, she look'd as if she cou'd,
 Like other Female Flesh and Blood,
 Oblige the Feeling at a Game
 Which Modesty won't let me name.

Next these Diversions, in there came
 A Man of Metal, and of Fame,
 Dress'd up in Trunks, that gave us Hope
 He'd work some Wonders on the Rope,
 Tho' soon we found his Talent lay
 A diff'rent, tho' a dang'rous way.
 On's Shoulder he a Ladder bore,
 So near his Neck, that many swore,
 One Time or other it would cost
 The Knave a Fall, if not his Last.
 No sooner, with an active Slight,
 He'ad fix'd his Ladder bolt upright,
 But up he ran, and made no more on't,
 Than *la Bee* does to dance a Courant :
 He skipp'd, and leap'd, and frisk'd about,
 And so amaz'd the gaping Rout,

That

That all the Women were in Pain,
 For fear a Slip should prove his Bane.
 Well might they be so, since the Ladder
 Has turn'd off many a handsom Padder,
 And left the Wretches past all hope
 Of Mercy, to the fatal Rope.

Next, a tall Slattern of a Blowz,
 Pot-belly'd, like *Westphalia* Sows,
 Came dancing on the yielding Boards,
 Arm'd in each Mutton-Fist with Swords,
 Which, by the Help of Candle-Light,
 Glitter'd so terribly and bright,
 That *Jove*, with his refulgent Beams
 Of Light'ning, bundl'd up in Streams,
 Or Furies, with their Scorpious Rods,
 Stol'n out from their accurs'd Abodes,
 Could not be better stor'd with Arms,
 Or furnish'd worse with Female Charms.
 To'er Eyes, her Nose, her Mouth, her Chest,
 She press'd the Points, that on her Breast

Such Pricks appear'd, which had they been
 Elsewhere, the Marks had ne'er been seen;
 For many stand a Push, that find
 The Weapon leaves no Scar behind.
 Upon her Toes, the nimble Crack
 Turn'd, like the Flyer of a Jack,
 That the Wind caus'd her Coats to swell
 In Compass like a Tennor Bell,
 Which wanted nothing, but a Clapper,
 To make her twang at e'ery Caper.

Thus round as any Top she spun,
 For half an Hour, before she 'ad done;
 Then, with a Curtsy, stopp'd her Dance,
 And peep'd about for scatter'd Pence.

Besides these various Whims and Humours,
 Devis'd to entertain all Comers,
 There were abundance more, not worth
 Describing here, or setting forth;
 As a Song, sung by an old Woman,
 So ill perform'd, 'twould pleasure no Man.

An *Indian* Dance, with tomb'ry Baffes,
 Was spoil'd by four black ugly Faces,
 With Time so false, and Steps so bad,
 As if the Fools were drunk, or mad.

Four *Dutch*-men, of a bulky Stature,
 As clumsy as they are by Nature,
 With Bottles full of Brandy stor'd,
 (The only God they e'er ador'd ;)
 By their sides, Knives for *Snick-a-fnee*,
 Whose bloody Weapons well agree
 With old *Amboyna's* Cruelty.

These frisk'd about, and danc'd together,
 Like pamper'd Hogs in windy Weather.

We also had, to gratify us,
 A Quaking Song from *Ananias*,
 Who sung it as a Man may say,
 His *Chorus* being, *Tea* and *Nay*.

Two Punches next, with wond'rous Vigour,
 Perform'd a Dance in double Figure ;

Tho'

Tho' I have seen, some Years ago,
 The Fools out-done in Puppit-show,
 Shame on such clumsy Flesh and Blood,
 That are so far excell'd by Wood.

Next, the fair Lady climb'd the Rope,
 Of whom I had such wond'rous Hope,
 And shew'd her pretty Legs and Thighs,
 To pleasure the Spectators Eyes :

But as she shook her nimble Feet,
 The Rope, being full of damn'd Deciet,
 Gave way, and let the Gypsy drop,
 Most treach'rously, from off the top :

But *Merry Andrew*, standing ready,
 Made shift to save the falling Lady ;
 Tho' some were apt to think, that she
 Fell down by Choice, to let us see
 How lofty Madams, full of Charms,
 Oft tumble into Blockheads Arms.

Old *Roger* next, his Maggots shew'd,
 To farther entertain the Crowd ;

Perform'd, as *Fame* is pleas'd to say,
 By that rare Artift *de la Hay* :
 Tho' I confess, for ought I see,
 A Clown may dance as well as he :
 But 'tis too common to admire,
 That *Fame* shou'd prove an arrant Lyar.
 To crown the Show, we 'ad Tumbling, Vaulting,
 Mimick'd by *Merry Andrew* hauling ;
 And many other quaint Devices,
 To win Applause from gaping Niseys,
 Who, fond of Nonsense, and of Noise,
 Punish their Guts, to please their Eyes.

Thus tir'd with all their vain Delights,
 Their nauseous Dances, Songs, and Sights.
 I pay'd three Shillings, in a Huff,
 For my half Pint of liquid Stuff,
 And to refresh with something better
 Than this confounded Wine and Water :
 To honest *M——les's* I repair'd,
 Where, from true Judges I had heard,

His Entertainments, like his Wine,
Were very good, and very fine.

F I N I S.

Errata. *Part 3. Vol. 2. Pag. 4. Line 2.* instead of, *the Grilliado'd Saint*, read, *th' excoriated Saint*.

N.B. *The Humours of the Cloisters*, shall be contain'd in the next.

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Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part V. Vol. II.

NO sooner had I pass'd the Curtain,
Which from the Rabble skreen'd their Sporting,
But all things nobly did appear,
As in the *Royal Theatre*.
The Booth with Tapstry hung all round,
Down from the Cornish, to the Ground;
Which did, to please the Sight, contain
Stories, both Sacred and Profane.
Each Figure with such Art was wove,
They look'd as if they'd Pow'r to move;
And that they'd stole away together,
From some illustrious Pallace, thither,

To grace the Revels of the Fair
 With something marvellously rare.
 Candles in order shone on high,
 Like Constellations in the Sky,
 Whilst gazing Mortals, with Delight,
 Sate wond'ring at the glorious Sight.

The Musick was so well perform'd,
 That every Tune the Fancy warm'd,
 And so engag'd the list'ning Crowd,
 That not a Word was heard aloud;
 But by their Silence, I could see
 The whole were charm'd with Harmony.

Thus pleas'd, the Hustings did I mount,
 Where Persons of the best Account,
 In Crowds were seated, with Design
 To feast with Musick and with Wine.
 As soon as I my self had plac'd
 Commodiously amongst the rest,
 For noble Red I gave the Word,
 Which soon was brought me to the Board;

Good Measure, and delightful Wine,
 That needed neither Bush nor Sign ;
 So brisk and fine, that better Claret
 Is no where sold, I do aver it.

By th' time I'ad liquor'd down my Gullet,
 And with two Glassees pleas'd my Palate,
 A Brood of Swans came hopping in,
 With *Indians*, to improve the Scene,
 In order, and due Time performing
 A Dance f' amuzing, and so charming,
 That all th' wond'ring Crowd seem'd frighted,
 And at the self-same time delighted.

Next came a Set of Clowns or Slouches,
 Dress'd up in Black, like Scaramouches,
 Attended with three moving Chairs,
 That danc'd like Ladies, not like Bears ;
 Why not ? for Ladies have but two Legs,
 Yet they can caper with so few Legs :
 No Wonder, therefore, Chairs with more Legs,
 Should dance as finely upon four Legs.

Besides these many wond'rous Feats
 Of Men transform'd to Birds and Seats,
 We'ad *Scaramouch* and *Harliquin*,
 As well perform'd as e'er was seen;
 A Dance that does the Diff'rence show
 Betwixt the High Fly'rs, and the Low;
 Concluding with a zealous Speaker,
 That out-cants *Francis B——g*, the Quaker.

A nimble pretty Maid, that capers
 With a whole Magazine of Rapiers,
 Enough to arm a Troop of Soldiers;
 With which, to th' Wonder of Beholders,
 She does a thousand pretty Fancies,
 And picks her Teeth the while she dances,
 From any Rags of Meat or Crumbs,
 And never pricks or hurts her Gums;
 Turning her Body on the Ground
 With all her Swords, as swiftly round,
 Nay, and much faster, I may swear,
 Than Spinning-Wheel in full Career;

But who can view her, and not smile,
To think what's finely fann'd the while.

A Dance perform'd by Granadiers,
Where their whole Exercife appears;
Done with fuch Spirit, one would think
The Knaves had rather fight, than drink.

Amongft the reft, a fpritley Youth
Danc'd with fuch Comlinefs and Truth,
That fure no Pupil of his Age,
Like him could e'er adorn the Stage ;
For Shadow-like, himfelf he threw
From Place to Place, as if he flew :
In every various Pafs and Bound,
Such ftrange Variety we found,
That each new Step fore-run Defire,
And gave us fomething to admire.
But if fuch Praifes we allot him,
Pray what muft he deferve, that taught him.

Rope-Dancing to a great Perfection,
Tumbling fo fine, beyond Correction ;

With

With more delightful Shews of Art,
 Than I have Leisure to insert :
 From Noise, and all Disorder free,
 Perform'd with so much Modesty,
 That even Quakers ventur'd in,
 And thought the harmless Sport no Sin;
 But ev'ry Person, when they went
 Away, express'd so much Content,
 That no Man grutch'd the Coin he spent.

C A N T O V.

R Eviv'd with Musick, and with Wine,
 I mov'd, about the Hour of Nine,
 From thence, into the neighb'ring Cloisters,
 Where Bullies, full of Oaths and Blusters,
 And well kept Punks, of high Degree,
 Were mix'd with Rakes of Quality.

Cullies

Cullies flock'd into Shops in Crowds,
 With Jilting Beauties, mobb'd in Hoods,
 Who join'd to purchase some new odd Thing,
 A Snuff-Box, Thimble, or a Bodkin :

Then on the Compter, or a Table,
 They raffl'd for the Silver Bauble.

The Beaus the greatest Hazard run ;
 The cunning Punks had two to one ;
 For when they could not win the Prize
 By the kind Fortune of the Dice,
 They'd Arts to crave it with their Eyes :

For soothing Ladies, when they long
 For what's improper for the Tongue,
 Their very Looks will make Complaint,
 And tell us what it is they want.

Thus, as I elbow'd too and fro,
 Like Country Hob at Lord May'r's Show,
 Viewing the Shops on ev'ry side,
 Where Lasses, in their utmost Pride,

Sate dizen'd up, to please the Sight
 With borrow'd Charms, by Candle-light,
 Painted and patch'd like Play-house Queens,
 And smooth'd by other artful Means,
 That those who were to Shops confin'd,
 Might look as tempting and as kind,
 As Ladies strol'd from Nooks and Allies,
 Reaking from Highway-men and Bayli's,
 Whose Vices blushing in their Faces,
 Gave Colour to their wanton Graces.

Amongst the strange promiscuous Crowd,
 That dress'd in Quirpo, hither flow'd,
 Non-fighting Bullies, Cloth'd in Red,
 Fit only for a Lady's Bed,
 Swagger'd about from Punk to Harlot,
 To pay their Compliments in Scarlet.
 Women and Mackrel, some Folks say,
 Are to be caught the self same way ;
 Bait but your Hook with Soldier's Cloth,
 And you may eas'ly take 'em both.

These Marshal, strutting, Bully Huffs,
 Sniffing their fashionable Snuff,
 Stunk worse of nasty *Portuguese*,
 Than Beggars do of Bread and Cheese;
 Whilst beauteous Punks, in gaudy Plumes,
 Refresh'd the Air with their Perfumes,
 Borrow'd to help offensive Nature,
 And make their tainted Breaths the sweeter,
 From Orange, Flowers, Gums, and Spices,
 To cheat the Noses of their Nisies;
 Or from the odorif'rous Sweat,
 (Occasion'd by a lustful Heat)
 That drips, as common *Fame* relates,
 From th' Arses of *Moscovy* Cats.
 Hard Fate! that Woman should not prove
 Sufficient to excite our Love,
 Without such study'd Charms as these,
 Deriv'd from foreign Brutes and Trees.

Madam, cries one Sir *Foplin Fumble*,
 Your Ladyship's most very Humble.

Faith, my dear Child, altho' it's Night,
 Your charming Beauty shines more bright
 Than all this dazling Candle-light.

Laud, Sir, replies the Jilt, 'tis pitty
 A Man, so handsome and so witty,
 Should spend his Eloquence to flatter
 Such an unworthy filly Creature,
 Who has no Merits to induce
 Your Fancy to be thus profuse.

Madam, says he, I vow and swear
 I'm taken with your very Air.
 Prethee, my Dear, let's go and tattle;
 For a few Minutes, o'er a Bottle;
 For Beauty, when inspir'd with Wine,
 Does always most refulgent shine;
 It adds a Liveliness that's wanting,
 Like Varnish to a piece of Painting;
 Besides, a merry Cup o'th' Creature,
 Yields great Advantages to Nature;

Heightens

Heightens our am'rous Inclinations,
 And gives a Fillip to our Passions.
 Come, lend's your Hand, let's march, my Dear;
 There's nothing but Confusion here.

Dear Sir, says Madam, let me court ye
 To take a Coach, because it's dirty.

For certain, Lady, crys the Cully;
 And so away he led his Dolly,
 To run the Hazard, I suppose,
 Of both his Pocket, and his Nose.

Dear Angel, crys another Fop,
 Let's step into yon Raffling Shop;
 Methinks you look with such good Nature,
 And shew such Luck in ev'ry Feature,
 That if you'll throw the Dice, instead
 Of me, I'll venture on your Head:

Sir, replies *Phillis*, since you guess
 That I'm attended with Success,
 My best Endeavours will I use,
 But don't you blame me, if I loose;

For whatfoe'er depends on *Fortune*,
 Is very doubtful, and uncertain:
 You know she's of the fickle Gender,
 And sometimes little Things offend her.
 Howe'er, I'll try with all my Heart.
 Madam, fays he, I thank you for't.
 But, Sir, returus the merry Jade,
 Tho' Woman lends her utmoft Aid,
 Yet, thro' ill Luck, we often find
 Things will not happen to our Mind:
 However, if you please to try me,
 I'll shake the Box, if you'll ftand by me.
 Thank you, my Dear, the Spark replies;
 Do you but huffle well the Dice,
 And tho' I loofe, as I'm a Sinner,
 Your pretty Self fhall be a Winner.
 So stepping in, where Punks and Beaus,
 With *Satan's* Bones were vying Throws,
 Amongft the Gamefters, that were fporting,
 They crowded in to try their Fortune,

By way of Preface to a Game,
Which Modesty won't let me name.

Thus some with merry Cracks were tatling,
Others the Devil's Ribs were ratling:
Young Harlots saunt'ring, Bullies huffing,
Beaus ogling ev'ry Jilt, and snuffing.
Some very humbly bowing down
To common Strumpets of the Town,
Whose highest Price was half a Crown;
But would not show themselves unwilling,
In these hard Times, to earn a Shilling.
These curts'ing, in Return to those,
Who tip'd their Fingers to their Nose,
Seeming by these their sly Behaviours,
To thank the Ladies for their Favours,
Which they'd so lately been possessing;
They could not yet forget the Blessing;
So gave that Item, by the by,
Assisted with a winking Eye,

As the most private thankful Token
For what's to fulsome to be spoken.

Thus Bullies, Cullies, Knaves, and Fools,
Campaigners, Gamesters, cringing Owles;
Town-Sharpers, Divers, Beaus, and Boobies,
Pimps, Panders, Stallions, brawny Loobies,
Were mix'd with sundry Sorts and Sizes
Of trading Punks of diff'rent Prizes :
Old Harradans, young tempting Jades,
Wives, Widows, but alas ! few Maids ;
Jilts, Shoplifts, Files, and brimstone B——es,
Old Bawds, worse wrinkled than old Witches,
Cloking their Coives with modest Drefs,
And outward Signs of Holiness ;
With each a young Jilt following after,
Who passes for the darling Daughter ;
But he that try's, is sure to find
The Bawd before, the Whore behind.
Amongst the rest o'th' revel Rout,
Two crazy Watch-men crawl'd about ;

The Beadle, with his Staff, before 'em;
 To keep the Crowd in due *Decorum*;
 For in so dangerous a Place,
 Where Men want Honour, Women Grace,
 'Tis fit, if they'd prevent a Pother,
 To set some Knaves to watch the other.

At last, when I, with much ado,
 Had squeez'd and shuffl'd almost thro',
 Within a Shop at that same End,
 That does tow'rds *Little Brittain* tend,
 I saw a Crowd of Beaus and Ladies,
 Young spend-thrift Heirs, and grave old Daddies;
 All helter skelter, closely mix'd,
 With Butchers here and there betwixt :
 Without side, Pennyless Beholders,
 Leaning o'er one another's Shoulders,
 To see who *Fortune* blest or crost,
 What Sharper won, what Blockhead lost.
 I crowded in amongst the Rakes,
 And stood behind the Gamesters Backs.

Looking with Pain on tip-toe over,
 That I their Pastime might discover;
 At last, with very much ado,
 Stretching my Neck, I gain'd a View,
 And found the Whim was something new;
 A Bite more knavish than the Oak,
 That has so many Hundreds broke:
 But I'll say that for *English* Men,
 Tho' bubbl'd ne'er so oft, 'tis plain
 New Cheats will gull 'em o'er again.
 This Fraud, to humour Human Folly,
 Had the *Dutch* Name of, *Rowly Powly*;
 And if the blest'd Invention came
 From *Amster*, or from *Rotterdam*,
 Sure 'twould make all, but Men of *Gotham*,
 Mistrust some Rog'ry in the Bottom;
 For what new Projects can we borrow
 From *Holland*, but to *England's* Sorrow?
 'Tis true, the Table, some will swear,
 Is Mathematically fair,

And

And does conceal as little Guile,
 As we can find in Cross and Pile.
 What then? Let half a Score go play,
 With ten Pounds each, for half a Day,
 And they shall ev'ry one, for certain,
 Come Loofers off, in spite of *Fortune*;
 For he that keeps the gainful Bauble,
 Whose Judgment's to decide each Squabble,
 Who runs no Hazard, but of kicking,
 For false, or for untimely speaking.
 His Odds of Twelve-pence in the Seven,
 Will make the Gamesters Moneys even;
 And in Success of Play, his Fee
 Will break 'em all insensibly.
 Therefore, altho' the Table's fair,
 The Figures plac'd upon the Square,
 The Ball unbyass'd in its running,
 Yet still the Keeper's bloody cunning.
 Then since out-witted I must be,
 If once I play; what is't to me,

Whether the Board be foul, or him
 A tricking Knave, that keeps the Whim:
 If in the main I'm chous'd and cheated,
 What matt'r is't where the Rog'ry's feated:
 Since betwixt both there is a Juggle,
 In vain with *Fortune* do we struggle:
 The Lucky have but one sure way
 To save themselves, that's not to play.

The Time I thus stood gazing by,
 Pass, or no Pass, was all the Cry.
 Some Loofers screw'd, like angry Apes,
 Their Faces into ugly Shapes,
 Whilst others bit their Nails for Madness,
 To see some Rivals win with Gladness.
 A Butcher, plac'd amongst the rest,
 In greasy Frock of Canvas drest,
 As fat and frousy, I may swear,
 As *Hampshire* Hog, or *Indian* Bear,
 Sweating and reaking like a nasty
 Horse Dung-hill in a Morn that's frosty:

His blubber Cheeks with Claret dy'd,
 And ruby Jems so beautify'd ;
 His Face with such a Nose adorn'd,
 Whose Colour vary'd as he turn'd ;
 And bor'wing diff'rent Rays of Light,
 Look'd like a Rainbow to the Sight,
 Changing its Beauty to the Eye,
 As the Camellion does her Dye :
 Sometimes 'twould, at a lucky Throw,
 Like new-blown lighted Charcoal, glow :
 But when ill *Fortune* turn'd the Scale,
 The Snout, as Luck declin'd, grew pale ;
 Then by degrees would change as blue
 As Damsons varnish'd o'er with Dew.
 A Wig he'd on, so very fair,
 Made of Cow-Tails and Horses Hair,
 Such as your Sweet'ners us'd to wear,
 Whose yellowish Cast, gave such a Grace
 To his ignif'rous Platter Face,
 That

That as a Bonfire, I may say,
 Well lighted on a joyful Day.
 His Head appear'd the very same ;
 His Face the Coal, his Wig the Flame ;
 Or rather like a Beacon fir'd
 Upon a lofty Pole aspir'd,
 Because it truly may be said,
 That bright and glowing Pile, his Head,
 Was plac'd, or it deceiv'd my Eye,
 On brawny Shoulders, six Foot high.

Next to this hockly greasy Beast,
 Stood a young Beau, most nicely drest.
 The Fop so scented, and so neat,
 The Kill-Calf so besmear'd with Sweat,
 That 'twixt the Slouch and his Reverse,
 The two Extrems begot a Farce.
 The melting Sloven cough'd and flabber'd,
 And wip'd the Sweat from off his gray Beard ;
 Then hault'd and spit, and blow'd his Nose,
 Cleaning his Fingers on his Cloths.

Under his Arms, or on his Britches,
 Rememb'ring that the Proverb teaches,
Who boards up Muck, shall come to Riches.
 The squeamish Spark, in Pain and Labour,
 Stood nestling by his beastly Neighbour,
 Looking upon him, now and then,
 With so much Anger, and Disdain,
 As if, like *Canibal*, or *Hog*,
 He could have eat the nasty Dog;
 Sometimes he'd damn the Board and Ball,
 Confound his Stars, his Luck and all;
 But all the while he curs'd ill *Fortune*,
 He meant the Butcher, for a certain;
 For whenfoe'er he was enrag'd,
 His Eyes tow'ards him were still engag'd,
 As if he fear'd the Sloven's Frock
 Worse than the Devil, or ill Luck:
 Sometimes, to be the more at Ease,
 He'd nestle from him by degrees.

}

The

The Butcher still would follow after,
 And rub him, to provoke our Laughter.
 At last his Choler being fir'd,
 His Passion up, and Patience tir'd;
 You ill-bred Sloven, crys the Beau;
 What makes you shove your Betters fo?
 You're not equipp'd to thus appear
 Amongst us Men of Fashion here:
 You're only fit for that rough Sport,
 Where Fellows, like your Self, resort.

The Butcher staring at the Beau,
 Provok'd to be affronted fo,
 With Voice as hoarse as double Curtal,
 Crys, Who are you, you smock-fac'd Mortal?
 You taudry Fop, with Diamond Ring;
 You little Thingum of a Thing;
 You cow'rdly Cony-groaping Imp;
 You little Lap-dog of a Pimp;
 You Coxcomb buckl'd to a Sword;
 Give me another sawcy Word?

With

And I'll, in Sight of the Beholders,
 Knock off your Noddle from your Shoulders.
 With that, Sir *Courtly Nice* withdrew,
 And bid the Company adieu;
 Shuffling away in Fear and Haste,
 Mutt'ring these Threat'nings as he past:
 I'll find you out in *Leaden-Hall*;
 Your Nose will light me to your Stall.
 I'll mark you for a Rascal, Sirrah,
 Some other Time, if not to Morrow.
 Which Words, the Butcher over-hearing,
 Fell into a damn'd Fit of Swearing,
 Concluding with, Good Night, you T——d;
 I fear no Blockhead, nor his Sword.
 So ill does gentle Breeding sute
 With the morose unpolish'd Brute,
 That should not Laws beget a Fear
 To curb the Hatred that they bear,
 Like the *Pelonga*, and the *Noy*,
 They'd strive each other to destroy:

No sooner had the spruce young Blade,
 Biting his Thumbs, his Exit made,
 And giv'n a very timely go-by
 To the Gygantick angry Looby,
 But to the Cloisters I withdrew,
 And walk'd to take a second View,
 Hoping, amongst the Crowd, to find
 Some new Adventures to my Mind;
 But just as I the Board had quitted,
 And left the Fools to be out-witted,
 Amongst the Rout I heard a Cry
 Of, D——n you, Sir, I say you Lye;
 Draw, Sir; I say she is my Wife;
 You never knew her in your Life.
 Nouns, draw, tho' you are some Town-Bully,
 I'll make you know, Sir, I'm no Cully.
 Says t'other, You're a Scoundrel, Sirrah;
 You dare not meet a Man to Morrow,
 But only rattle here to Night,
 Where no Man ought to draw or fight.

I tell you, Sir, I know your Creature ;
 I say, Sir, she's a Whore, no better,
 And you're a Pimp to vindicate her.
 At these provoking Bugbear Words,
 Amidst the Crowd both drew their Swords :
 Sirrah, says one, engage me fair ;
 Make Room, stand by, pray have a Care.
 The Ladies squeak'd, the Beaus all drew :
 In short, there was the Dev'l to do.
 Thought I, by the ill Language given,
 They're Rogues, as sure as Light's in Heaven ;
 And only make this noisy Racket,
 That their vile Gang may pick a Pocket :
 Therefore I wisely fac'd about,
 And homewards mov'd, to shun the Rout,
 Leaving those Fools to see fair Play,
 Who had so little Wit to stay,
 And run the Hazards of a Fray.

F I N I S.

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Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part VI. Vol. II.

C A N T O VI.

UPON that Day, when City Mayors
 Lead up the Aldermen by Pairs;
 And when mechanick Dolts, to please
 Their gazing Wives, and 'Prentices;
 Creep dagling in the Dirt about,
 Surrounded by the Rabble Rout,
 Who move, in Tumults, to and fro,
 To wonder at the Raree-Show;
 'Twas then that I, t' improve the Jest,
 Made up one Fool among the rest;

Without side warm, within side merry,
 By th' Help of Wine, and Drab de Berry;
 For he that trudges, to behold
 The pretty Sight in Dirt and Cold,
 And has no Right to be a Guest
 To spoon up Custard at a Feast,
 Had need have Wool and Wine together,
 To save him from the piercing Weather.

Thus arm'd, the better to sustain
 My self against the Wind and Rain,
 In Case the Elements should frown,
 And piss upon the f—— Gown;
 Thro' dirty Kennels did I wade,
 To view the pompous Cavalcade,
 Beheld with Pleasure and Amazement,
 From Sash Balcony, and from Casement;
 I came at length into *Cheapside*,
 Where beauteous Dames, in all their Pride,
 Appear'd aloft, to grace the Show,
 That march'd along in State below.

Heads upon Heads, were pil'd above,
 To see the grand Proceſſion move;
 As if each Knot of fair *Belinda's*,
 That peep'd in Cluſters out at Windows,
 Had been a *Hidra*, that was ſtaring
 To ſee the C—— go a May'ring,
 Gazing ſo wiſh'ly at the Sight,
 From out of e'ery unglaz'd Light,
 As if each Lady, by her Eyes,
 Expected to obtain a Prize,
 And win ſome jolly ſtrong-back'd Lover,
 To pleaſe her, when the Show was over.
 No ſooner was I crowding come
 Within the Sound of Kettle-Drum,
 But to my Poſt I did proceed,
 (Which was a very Poſt indeed)
 Where ſtrugling with ſome little Hard
 I waited, to behold their Lordſhips,
 Inviron'd with a Crowd of Fellows,
 For nothing fit, but Sea or Gallows,

Who

Who did so squeeze me, as they pass,
 Jostling along in mighty Haste,
 Hugging me up against my Post,
 Provoking with each Mobbish Thrust,
 My Christian Patience to a Passion,
 'Till e'ery Rib fear'd Dislocation;
 Crying at every Push they gave me,
 All fair. Thought I, as G——d shall save me,
 You lye like Rogues; but was affear'd
 To say so to the Scoundrel Herd;
 For no Man, in his Wits, would squabble,
 Or vex a giddy Hair-brain'd Rabble,
 Lest he would hazard Mortal Drubs
 From their unconscionable Clubs:
 Therefore, the Man that has more Grace
 Than that infernal cursed Race,
 And mixes with those Sons of Thunder,
 To gaze at any Sight, or Wonder,
 Foolishly ventures Life and Limb,
 To gratify an idle Whim.

I had not tarry'd very long
 Amidst the rude unpollish'd Throng,
 Leaning, for greater Ease, on Top
 Of my defensive Wooden Prop,
 But there advanc'd, before the rest,
 A Set of Trumpets, richly drest;
 Their Coats belac'd, from Skirt to Collar,
 Like a Bride's Wedding Shoes, or fuller;
 With two great Leading-strings behind,
 As if to put the World in Mind,
 That tho' we now to Men are grown,
 Yet once we could not go alone.
 These led the Van, each crown'd with Feather,
 Tooting harmoniously together,
 Adapting to the pretty Show,
 A Tune, call'd, *Cuckholds all a Row*.
 Behind 'em came a Porter sweating,
 Loaded with Kettle-Drum, for beating,
 And dagling at his brawny Rump,
 A Master of the Martial Thump,

Who, to delight the list'ning Mob,
 Gave now and then a fullen Dub,
 That with the Trumpets bore a Bob;
 Producing, at the Porter's Crupper,
 Much sweeter Musick, than a Cooper,
 When round an empty Tub he dances,
 And plays us twenty pretty Fances;
 Tho' 'tis, by jolly Trouts, confest,
 The Cask that sounds the least, is best;
 For by our drinking, 'tis a Sign,
 The Musick which we think Divine,
 Lies not i'th' Hooping, but the Wine.

Next these, a Gang of R——s, in Blue,
 Came creeping on by two and two,
 In piss-burnt Wigs, and flapping Hats,
 Looking as rough as Counter Rats;
 Some seeming drunk, and others drowsy,
 Fing'ring their Collars, as if lousy.
 Thus greater Vermin will pursue
 The lesser Vermin of the two,

And

And, full of Malice and ill Nature,
 Punish the little eight-legg'd Creature
 For biting those decreed by Fate
 To bite the poor Unfortunate.

A Louse, thought I, should Mercy find
 From Serjeants, above all Mankind,
 Because both live by one base Knack
 Of catching others by the Back.

Therefore, ye Debtors, tell me, why
 Should one be sav'd, and t'other die,
 Since all the World, in joint Concurrence,
 Detest 'em both with like Abhorrence?

O let the Louse forsake the Soldier,
 To dwell upon the Bayliff's Shoulder!
 And cursed be the horny Thumb,
 That parts the Vermin and the Bum.

Behind these *Compter*-Caterpillars,
 These Hawk-ey'd Shoulder-dabbing Dealers,
 A gilded Mace, and monst'rous Sword,
 Were born, in Honour to my L——d;

And

A Sword, which, if a Man could weild
 The Maffy Blade in open Field,
 'Twould smite our Foes, whom we defy,
 Like *Sampson's* Jaw-bone, Hip and Thigh:
 But since it is too big by far
 For Human Arm in bloody War,
 We'll leave the huge pacifick Sword
 To awe the Mob, and guard my Lord
 To Church, or, if he thinks it fitting,
 To the Jews Synagogue, or Meeting.
 For since the Ruff of Moderation
 Is brought of late so much in Fashion,
 I shall be careful how I steer
 My Betters, either here or there,
 But let 'em free from Poet's Quill,
 Be d——d or fav'd, which way they will.

The Man that bore this mighty Weapon,
 Had got so fam'd a Custard Cap on,
 That when I view'd the hairy Whim,
 All Crown, without one jot of Brim.

The Man, thought I, that does advance
 With this huge Cap of Maintenance,
 Seems to the Rabble, in the Street here,
 As if he was my Lord's Cole-Meeter,
 Because he had, as some Folks said,
 The standard Bushel on his Head;
 For truly 'twas, in Shape, most like
 That Measure which we call a Strike.
 Behind this comely graceful Figure,
 (No Dutchess could desire a bigger)
 The scarlet Train, in mighty Pomp,
 Most richly dress'd from Head to Rump,
 Rid on by two and two, and made
 A very stately Cavalcade.
 The Lordly Brethren first advanc'd
 On Nags, that to the Musick dane'd,
 And carr'd their Heads with much more Pride,
 Than those that did the Beasts bestride.
 Next these, to make the Show more pretty,
 Came all the Elders of the City,

In Gowns, to make the Crowd adore 'em,
 That blush'd for some of those that wore 'em,
 And hid at once, like Cloak of Trooper,
 The Rider, and his Prancer's Crupper,
 In order to defend together,
 Both Man and Horse from Wind and Weather :
 For Men of Mercy, you must know it,
 Will even to their Cattel show it ;
 For 'tis a Sin, without Dispute,
 To use ill Nature to a Brute,
 Because bad Usage shows Dishonour
 To him that is the Creature's Donor.

A Chain, at least four Cubits long,
 Round ev'ry Elder's Collar, hung
 Down from the double Chin to Navel,
 Put on in Print, to please the Rabble.
 From each wise Noddle, hung a Wig
 S' extravagantly long and big,
 That each grave Don had twice more Hair
 Upon him, than a *Greenland* Bear :

On top of which, in Quirpo, sat
 A broad Umbrella Pot-lid Hat,
 Which bore the Print of Brush and Rubber,
 To show 'twas newly furbish'd over.
 So Greens, to please the active Bowlers,
 Derive a Smoothness from their Rowlers;
 By which it eas'ly may be seen,
 Where, and where not, the Stone has been.
 The sumptuous Trappings of each Horse,
 Hung down in Pomp, from Head to Arse,
 That 'twould be difficult to answer,
 Whether each Rider, or his Prancer,
 Did most contribute to the Show,
 Or which was finest of the two.
 Some cry'd, *Look how Sir Humphry Waddle*
Sits like a Hog upon a Saddle!
 Whilst others, more intent upon
 The Horses, than the Men thereon,
 Cry'd, *There's a pretty Nag, how well*
He carr's his Head, and waves his Tail!

'Tis true, the Women in the Crowd,
 Would now and then cry out aloud,
There goes a handsome Man, I'll swear,
 Pointing with Finger to the M——r;
 Passing that Compliment of Old,
 Which ev'ry weeping Oyster Scold
 Does on each whining Wretch they see
 Drawn backwards to Eternity.

Thus some commended those that rid,
 Others the Beasts that they bestrid.

So that I found my self unable
 To gather from the gazing Rabble,
 Which of the two gain'd most Renown,
 The bridl'd Brute, or scarlet Gown;
 Nor is it wonderful in Nature,
 To find the Beast the wiser Creature,
 As well as of a stronger Stature,
 Since *Balaam's* Ass foretold much more
 Than e'er his Rider knew before,

And

And in his strange, concise, pathetick
 Oration, shew'd himself prophetick.
 Therefore if in those pious Days,
 An Ass (be't spoken to his Praise)
 Could teach his Master to be wise
 By supernat'ral Prophecies,
 What modern Wonders may we then
 Expect from Beasts, instead of Men,
 Who sucking Poyson from their Nurses,
 Are fond of new degen'rate Courses,
 And lead more Brutish Lives, than Horses?

Thus the tremendous awful Troop,
 Each Gennet's Nose in t'other's Poop,
 With all their Mermydons before 'em,
 Jogg'd on in State, and great Decorum;
 Each with a Foot-man by his Side,
 More for their Safety, than their Pride,
 Whose Bus'ness was, to catch their Masters,
 In case of unforeseen Disasters,

And

And keep their Coursers in their Ranks,
 If subject to unlucky Pranks :
 For well may Horse-men ride in Fear,
 Who mount their Steeds but once a Year ;
 Especially since one kind Brother
 Broke's Neck, as Warning to each other,
 For this same Cause, about two Couple
 O' th' wiser Elders, made a Scruple
 Of riding o'er the rugged Stones,
 To th' Hazard of their crazy Bones ;
 So left their Steeds lock'd up in Stable,
 To th' Disappointment of the Rabble,
 And came more safely in their Coaches,
 Where Age, tho' lame with old Debauches,
 Lolling, ne'er finds the Want of Crutches.
 So wary Snails, that slowly crawl
 From Cabbage Leaf, up Garden Wall,
 To save their slimy Heads and Horns
 From rugged Boughs and frosty Morns,

Travel

Travel with Houses on their Backs,
Like *Northern* Pedlars with their Packs.

Next came a Set of whiffing Fellows,
Trick'd up in Ribbons, Blues, and Yellows,
Which, like the Belt of Round-head Soldier,
Hung dangling from the dexter Shoulder
Down to the sinister Supporter,
About a Span below the Garter ;
Each having in his clumsy Hand,
A Rod, like a Magician's Wand,
As if the Emblem was design'd
To shew what Conjurers came behind ;
For he that ne'er has been a Gazer
In *Ptolomy* or *Albumazer*,
May be well skill'd in Scenes, as Tragick,
And Hellish Arts, as black as Magick ;
Or else some Men, with grumbling Gizzards,
Could never act so much like Wizards.

These were succeeded by a Noise
Of Trumpets, blown by Men and Boys,

With Drums, more terrible than Thunder,
 Ratling, to raise the Rabble's Wonder.
 Streamers, on Sticks like *Kentish* Hop-poles,
 As thick and tall as Country May-poles,
 Were born aloft by brawny Fellows
 In Jackets, dress'd like Puncheonello's;
 Those sweating Slaves to City-Barges,
 For Silver Badge and sorry Larges,
 Who live like the amphibious Otter,
 Partly by Land, and partly Water:
 These mov'd along with painful Stride,
 Loaded with Heraldry and Pride,
 Cursing the weighty Pomp they bore,
 That made their Backs and Shoulders sore:
 For tho' that Philosophick Slave,
 Old *Epictetus*, was so brave,
 His Master's Cruelty disdaining,
 To bear all Pain without complaining,
 Yet *English* Slaves are stubborn Fools,
 That scorn such Philosophick dull Rules.

Good Usage only makes them humble,
For when they're hurt, they always grumble.

Behind these wrangling Sons of Oars,
(Mistake me not, I mean not Whores)
The Master, Ward'ns, and better Sort,
That make up the Assistance Court,
March'd on in Gowns well lin'd within
With Fur, tho' some say Coney-skin,
Because that Name, amongst the Wife,
Sometimes, in merry Mood, implies
A pretty little charming Creature,
That yields the richest Fur in Nature,
Or else no J——, to make Repairs
For the bare Loss of five poor Hairs,
Would gravely give, upon the B——,
Five Guineas to the plunder'd Wench.

Behind the old paternal Dons,
Whose Riches lay in Banks and Loans,
The Liv'ry Train, most grave and dull,
By two and two, walk'd Cheek by Jole,

Like Oxen yolk'd, who gently drag on,
 By leisure Steps, a loaded Waggon.
 Next, some with Hats cock'd up, to show
 The Pertness of a City Beau ;
 Treading as nicely with their Legs,
 As if the Streets were pav'd with Eggs,
 And that they fear'd their weighty Heels
 Should crack or incommode the Shells.
 So have I seen a gaudy Fop,
 Fit only for a Lady's Lap,
 Dance cross a Street with so much Pride,
 As if, at ev'ry Bound and Stride,
 He scorn'd his dirty Grannum Earth,
 From whence old *Adam* had his Birth,
 Yet has his proud fantastick Grace
 Fall'n down at last i' th' nasty't Place.

Others, amongst this City Herd,
 That in their short-back'd Gowns appear'd,
 Lugg'd down their Beavers o'er their Faces,
 And leering, made such odd Grimaces,

As if they copy'd some grave dull Pate
 They'd heard in Independent Pulpit,
 Where Block-heads learn, we daily see,
 More Postures, than Divinity.

Others, more modest than the rest,
 In blushing Looks their Shame exprest,
 To see their Pageantry and Splendor
 Only become the Rabble's Wonder,
 Whilst those of Sense, the better Sort,
 Made the dull Op'ra but their Sport.
 These, by their Smiles, let others know
 How much themselves despis'd the Show,
 Tho' with their Company they muster'd,
 Not for the sake of Pride, but Custard;
 Therefore, like honest Men, they thought,
 In common Justice, that they ought
 To creeping, dabble with the rest,
 And share the worst, as well as best.
 So he that loves a Lass that's coy,
 And would the luscious Feast enjoy,

Before he's welcome to be doing,
Must undergo the Plague of Wooing.

In this fine Order they proceeded,
The Grave, the Wife, the Bullet-headed,
The Old, the Young, the Rich, the Needy,
The piddling Puny, and the Greedy;
The Tall, the Small, the Fat, the Meagre,
The clumsy Lout, and Man of Figure;
The Crafy, Gouty, and the Corny,
The Cuckhold-maker, and the Horny;
The Spendthrift, and the plodding Looby,
The Nice, Sir Courtly, and the Booby;
All mix'd, to let the Rabble see
What wonderful Variety
The City can at once afford,
To give Attendance to my Lord;
Tho', 'tis believ'd, some hungry Sinners
Assembl'd rather for their Dinners,
Just as to Church the Beggar moves,
Not for the Lord's sake, but the Loaves.

In the same Order all the rest
 Came after, in like manner drest ;
 Therefore, if you would understand
 What farther Show there was by Land,
 I pray let this Account content ye,
 That two times Twelve makes Four and Twenty,
 Because that Number does no less
 Than all their Companies express ;
 And if but one you chance to see,
 In all their Pomp and Vanity,
 The rest appear but just the same,
 Distinguish'd by another Name,
 The Colours that their Whiffers wear,
 And diff'rent Ensigns that they bear ;
 But still each sev'ral Brotherhood
 Are so alike, some bad, some good,
 That none, but by their Streamers, knew
 What Hall they did belong unto.
 Therefore in my describing one,
 You've all ; and so by Land I've done.

But, by the way, some Folks may think
 I'm sparing of my Pen and Ink,
 Because my Muse forbears to write
 Of Pageants, to improve the Sight ;
 But if you'd truly know the Reason,
 They're Popish Jimcracks, out of Season ;
 Abominations, that displease
 The Saints in pious Times, like these,
 And by the Dolts, are held to be
 Full as prophane as Poetry ;
 Tho', I believe, if Truth was known,
 The Cits are such good Husbands grown,
 That, to retrench their Charge, they made none,
 And that's the Reason that they had none.

When I had stay'd to see the last,
 And all the pompous Train were past,
 To warm my Toes, I trotted a'ter,
 To view the glorious Sight by Water :
 Down to the *King's-Bench Walk* I halted,
 Where many a Sharper's Hours are wasted,

And

And by those odorif'rous Huts,
 Where reeling Students ease their Guts,
 I starving stood amidst a Throng,
 To see the Barges skud along.
 At last the noble Fleet set out,
 Huzza'd by all the Rabble Rout,
 Who stay'd on Shore, to wish my L——d
 A prosp'rous Voyage, when on Board;
 And that no Rock, or blust'ring Storm,
 Might cross his Hopes, or do him Harm.
 No sooner had they left the Land,
 And took a Farewel of the Strand,
 But Drums and Guns began to rattle,
 As if engag'd in dismal Battel;
 Some firing from the *Southern* Shoar,
 Did, like a Storm of Thunder, roar,
 As if they fear'd the floating Host
 Design'd to land upon their Coast.
 Small Tenders did in Numbers wait
 Upon the bold tremendous Fleet,

Who dreading neither Wind nor Weather,
 Row'd on undauntedly together,
 Defying all the frightful Flame
 That from those loud-mouth'd Engines came;
 Which spouting lay upon the Beach,
 Altho' they sail'd within their Reach.

His L——p, in a first Rate Barge,
 Profusely fine, and very large,
 With double Grace and Courage blest,
 Rid as High Adm'ral o'er the rest.
 The painful Hands he had on Board,
 Were worthy of so Great a Lord;
 For e'ery short, tho' strenuous, Strok
 The Gally Slaves in Triumph took,
 We, the Spectators, could discern,
 Left the rest farther still on Stern.
 Thus with their Trumpets, and their Hoi'boys,
 Sounding like Lott'ry-men and Show-boys,
 Drums beating, and their Streamers flying,
 All Dangers of the Deep defying,

They

They plough'd that boist'rous Ocean, *Thames*,
 Without their Daughters, or their Dames;
 Who, as it was believ'd by some,
 Found more delightful Sport at Home.

Away the Heroes skudding went,
 As proud as *Godwin* Earl of *Kent*,
 When up the River, long ago,
 He made a most Rebellious Show,
 And did his Host in Barges bring,
 To fight his Father, and his King.

Thus all the Way they row'd by Water,
 My Eyes were still directed a'ter,
 'Till they arriv'd at *Palace Stairs*,
 The Place of Landing for our May'rs;
 From whence they crep'd along in State,
 To Swear, I vow I know not what.
 Thus almost starv'd with Wind and Weather,
 I left 'em marching all together,
 To see his L——p kiss Calves Leather.

}
 Therefore,

Therefore, if any curious Sinner
 Would know how they got back to Dinner,
 I think I may presume to say,
 That they return'd the self same Way,
 About as Wise as they went thither,
 As near as I can guess or gather.

F I N I S.

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Part VII. Vol. II.

C A N T O VII.

OH! the sad Day, when *Guido's* Crew
Had like to've blown up God knows who!

And by a dismal Powder-Plot,

Destroy'd, no mortal Man knows what!

Then who can sing the Tragick Scene

That might in such a Case have been,

Since none can possibly declare

The Fate of Things that never were?

So, tho' 'tis likely there may be

Some strange, mysterious Verity

In old bifarious Prophecy,

Yet we the Truth can ne'er discover,
 Until the Things foretold, are over.
 How then should we, in doleful Verse,
 Those sad Calamities rehearse,
 Which would have follow'd, ten to one,
 In Case the Mischief had been done ?
 But the vile Plot was disappointed
 By th' Lord, or else the Lord's Anointed,
 Who, as some People do suppose,
 Had got so excellent a Nose,
 That he could smell out Powder-Treason,
 Like a Jack-daw in Cherry-Season,
 Who is too shy to be undone
 By sudden Pop of Gard'ner's Gun :
 Therefore the Plot they were designing,
Jacobus smelt from its beginning,
 And knew as well how they had laid it,
 As those vile Jesuits that made it :
 So that the Powder ne'er took Fire
 According to the Pope's Desire,

Because

Because there chanc'd a happy Slip
 Betwixt the Goblet and the Lip.
 Thus, since the lighted Match in vain
 Was laid to the infernal Train,
 We, that in after Ages live,
 And swallow what Account they give,
 Should think it difficult to know
 The Truth of Things so long ago,
 Since wicked Plots of later Date,
 Betwixt the People and the State,
 Have puzzl'd many a prudent Man,
 To find by which they were began,
 Because each wiser Head may see,
 In every great Discovery,
 The Fox, who is the crafty Finder,
 Does oft project, as well as hinder,
 And as our Highway-men now do,
 Proves Actor and Discov'rer too.
 Thus cunning Knaves the Mischief lay,
 Draw others in, and then betray.

However,

However, whether known or not,
 How 'twas begun, the Plot's a Plot,
 That serves the Rabble to remember
 Upon the fifth Day of *November* ;
 A pious Time when ragged Popes,
 With Pastboard Crowns, and Paper Copes,
 Are hoisted on the Rabbles Shoulders,
 To please fanatical Beholders ;
 Who, tho' they in Oblivion bury,
 The thirtieth Day of *January*,
 Yet is their due Abhorrence shown
 Of e'ery Plot, except their own ;
 And as for those, if they miscarry,
 They turn the Handle quite contrary ;
 By which dissenting Subtility,
 They keep themselves from Scandal free,
 And fix the Blame on Popery :
 For Saints too cunning are, to boast
 Their Plots, when the Success is lost,

Tho' none can glory more, we see,
 Than they in prosp'rous Villany,
 Or look with greater Scorn upon
 Those Suff'ers they have once undone.
 Just so the fierce and cruel Cat,
 That catches Mouse, or conquers Rat,
 Does with her trembling Victim play,
 And triumph o'er her dying Prey.

When jangling Bells from e'ery Steeple
 Proclaim'd aloud to all good People,
 That now the joyful Day was come,
 That freed the Nation from the Doom
 Pronounc'd against the Land by *Rome*,
 The Mem'ry of which Powder-Plot,
 Made all the Rabbles Brains so hot,
 That tow'rds the Ev'ning, Men and Boys
 Fill'd e'ery Street with hideous Noise,
 All threat'ning, by their brutish Rudeness,
 Much Mischief, and excessive Lewdness;

Tha

That by their Actions, we might see,
 The good Reverse of Popery.
 'Twas then, about the Hour of six,
 When Boys were stealing Tubs and Sticks,
 And lustier Mob, to please their Maggots,
 Were begging Pence to purchase Faggots,
 That I was jogging Home, to shun
 Those Revels which were just begun:
 But as I walk'd along, tho' Night,
 Each Window shone so very bright,
 By Dint of Rush and Cotton Light,
 That when our late *Dutch* Sov'reign came
 From *Amster*, *Brill*, or *Rotterdam*,
 The City Saints could not consume
 More Tallow, sure, to light him Home;
 Which shew'd, when he Abroad had been,
 Vent'ring his Corps, which was but lean,
 That we as forward were to burn
 Our Fat, to welcome his Return.

I gaz'd about from side to side,
 To view the City's Zeal and Pride,
 Express'd in Candles, shining round,
 From four, to twenty in the Pound,
 Mounted in Candle-sticks of Clay,
 Which just before o'er Bung-hole lay,
 But now were model'd into Sockets,
 For flaming Lights, that shone like Rockets.
 These, by the City Maids and Dames,
 Were stuck upon their Window-Frames,
 From the first Story, to the Garret,
 For all the noisy Mob to stare at.
 The Candles in each shining Pile,
 Like Soldiers stood in Rank and File,
 To show us how the Dames within
 Were skill'd in Marshal Discipline;
 And tho', perhaps, not quite so fair,
 That yet like *Venus*, they could bear
 The Onsets of the God of War :

For leffer Beauty's, by their Charms,
 May foil a valiant Man at Arms;
 Since only those, at Kick and Cuff,
 Are beat, that cry they have enough;
 But when at Push a Pike we play
 With Beauty, who shall win the Day,
 Her Courage so profusely great is,
 That still we find her *Nunquam satis*.

Lighted on e'ery Side, along
 Amidst a strange infernal Throng
 I sail'd, in this tempestuous Flood
 Of Mob, as safely as I cou'd,
 Who, like rebellious rising Slaves,
 Were arm'd with such unlawful Staves,
 As if, like *Naples* stubborn Rabble,
 They'd quarrell'd with some Tax or Gabel,
 And were resolv'd to chuse a Fellow,
 To rule the Roast like *Maffanello*.

At last, before a House I came,
 That made no Show of Candle Flame;

Whatever Light there was within,
 No glim'ring Cranny could be seen,
 But all appear'd as black without
 As a Dark-Lanthorn closely shut.
 So ho, my Lads ! crys Captain Tom,
 Where are you, Boys? Pray hither come;
 This House, I'm sure, without a Light,
 Belongs to some damn'd *Jacobite*,
 Or else, upon a Day so blest,
 He'd put out Candles, like the rest :
 Thump at the Door, demand the Reason,
 Why they forget the Powder-Treason?
 Command 'em, on this grand Occasion,
 To put out some Illumination;
 Or, by my Club, if they deny,
 And will not readily comply,
 We'll make the Popish Rogues remember
 Their Powder-Plotting in November.
 No sooner had this Babe of Grace,
 With brimless Cap, and colly'd Face,

His great Command most proudly given,
 But to the Door slept six or seven,
 And with the Knocker, and their Kicks,
 Their short Battoons, their Staves and Sticks,
 They gave the Door such Bangs and Drubs,
 That fifty Coopers hooping Tubs,
 Were Jews Trumps, to their noisy Clubs:
 But still no mortal Soul appear'd,
 In Answer to the scoundrel Herd.
 When Captain Tom, and all his Rout,
 Perceiv'd the Garrison so stout,
 They'd not capit'late with his Forces,
 He storm'd 'em then with Oaths and Curfes,
 And upwards cast an Eye, to see
 What Glas-Works there aloft might be.
 But the Besieg'd had been so wise,
 To guard themselves against Surprise,
 And by strong Shutters, fix'd without,
 Secur'd their Windows from the Rout,

Who

Who otherwise, with Dirt and Stone,
 Had soon unglaz'd 'em e'ery one.
 But when they found the House defended
 Against those Mischiefs they intended,
 And that in vain they cast their Pellets,
 (Hard Words were Shot, instead of Bullets,
 The old fanatick Way to rail,
 When other Plots and Projects fail,
 For Scandal will sometimes obtain
 That End, which Violence cannot gain ;
 'Tis that of late, instead of Force,
 That sets the Cart before the Horse ;
 Does Virtue daily overthrow,
 And keeps industrious Merit low ;
 Whilst those that use the shameful Means,
 Grow fat, like Hogs in others Beans.)

The Rabble finding that their Sport,
 Which only lies in doing Hurt,
 Was disappointed by the Craft
 Of those that sat within and laught,

They

They damn'd all Papists in a Rage,
 And quitted their successless Seige.
 Thus in a hurry they retir'd,
 With Low-Church Indignation fir'd,
 To think they could not use their Spite
 To him, who for the want of Light,
 Was branded as a *Jacobite*.
 Thought I, before I farther go,
 I'll, by Enquiry, try to know
 Upon what Faith this Man's Relyance
 Is, who durst bid the Mob Defiance?
 And without changing of my Ground,
 I soon inquisitively found,
 The Family so much suspected
 Of being Popishly affected,
 Were, to the Glory and the Praise
 Of W——m P——n, all Yes's and Nay's,
 And therefore wisely thought it right
 To only mind the inward Light,

And

And not prophane their Habitation
By outward vain Illumination.

Thought I, those Quaking Saints, I see,
That do not with the Crowd agree,

Must bear a Portion of the Wrongs

That daily flow from wicked Tongues;

Therefore what Credit can be given

To th' Scum of Earth, and Scorn of Heaven,

Since sober Men, that hate the Rude

Distractions of a Multitude,

Must suffer in some odious way,

Because they're not as mad as they ?

How foolish, or at least, how knavish ?

How domineering, or how slavish

Must they appear, who mind the Babble

Of such a curs'd fanatick Rabble,

Who're taught, with Crys of Popes and Devils,

To justify their own base Evils,

And

Encourag'd

Encourag'd purely to enslave
 The Wise, the Virtuous, and the Brave,
 Who scorn the Fool, and hate the Knave?

From hence the giddy World may see
 The honest Man, that can't agree
 In every Folly with the rest,
 Must live despis'd, and much oppress'd.

Nor is the Cant of Moderation
 Design'd to soberize the Nation,
 But a meer Plot, profoundly laid,

To make us all alike run mad :

And he that will not sacrifice
 His Reason to the grand Device,

Must fall a Victim to the Rage
 Of cunning Knaves, who mount the Stage,
 And madly with the rest engage.

'Tis true, the Scene is Reformation,
 A Picture very much in Fashion,
 And tho' alive it seems to be,

'Tis but dead Col'ring that we see.

So Temples, Woods, and Groves appear
 At Distance in the Theatre;
 But if we once so near approach,
 That we the painted Cloth can touch,
 We then discover the Deceit,
 And find it but an artful Cheat.

Thus walking, full of Care and Thought,
 As Men that live by Thinking, ought;
 At length I met a frantick Crowd,
 Roaring in Triumph very loud,
 Ratling their Clubs above their Noddles,
 And kicking Dirt from miry Puddles,
 To disoblige each other's Rags,
 That hung in Tatters, and in Jags;
 I th' Front sat mounted on a Bier,
 A Pope for Children to admire,
 Condemn'd, as I suppose, to th' Fire;
 His Face was such a frightful Vizard,
 That look'd more ghastly than a Wizard,

D d d

H h

His holy Nose b'ing something greater
 Than that which grac'd our late Salvator;
 Beneath which Member, hung a Chin,
 As long as *Tuffen's*, and as lean;
 To which was tagg'd a Horse-Hair Beard,
 That made each gazing Child affear'd,
 And caus'd him, in Surprise, to fly
 From stern Infallibility.

A tripple Crown the B——p wore,
 Built up three Story high, or more,
 Guilt o'er, to show the Pride of those
 That lead whole Kingdoms by the Nose;
 Those Enemies to human Ease,
 That plague the Publick as they please,
 And triumph o'er Mens Consciences.

In Spite to th' Whore of *Babylon*,
 Th' 'ad put the holy Puppit on
 A Surplice, made of ancient Smocks,
 Fit only for the Tinder-box

Given by Female Saints, to cover
 His scare-crow Holiness all over;
 Who, tho' without, he seem'd to be
 The Image of rank Popery,
 Yet were his Antichristian Guts
 Stuff'd with fanatick Rags and Clouts;
 Which shews, altho' some Men dispence
 With wearing Popish Ornaments,
 Yet could their Infides but be seen,
 You'd find 'em Puritans within;
 Or else no false dissembling Brother
 Would look one way, and row another;
 Or would the Papists, Tooth and Nail,
 Add Weight to the fanatick Scale,
 Were not their Infides near related
 To those by whom we think they're hated;
 When, if we search 'em, we should find
 Both were exactly of a Mind;
 And tho' they are sometimes at Strife,
 Like a proud Man, and haughty Wife,

Who give each other Scars and Scratches
 In Conteſts, who ſhall wear the Breeches,
 Yet will they lovingly unite,
 And join their Forces and their Spite
 Againſt the Man, who in the Hurry
 Steps in to reconcile their Fury,
 Who quarrel for no other Ends,
 But to become the greater Friends.
 So the old *Babylonian* Blouze,
 And her demure fanatick Spouſe,
 Altho' they rave, and ſeem to quarrel,
 Like Tinkers o'er a ſtrong Beer Barrel,
 Yet can they readily agree,
 And ceaſe their wonted Enmity;
 To pull down thoſe that ſtand between 'em,
 As once already we have ſeen 'em:
 Therefore 'twould ſurely be a Crime,
 Not to beware the ſecond Time,
 Since fighting Dogs will quit their Hold,
 To worry what's their Game of old.

Behind

Behind this Papal Image, stood
 A Devil made of Flesh and Blood,
 Some little sooty Chimney-sweep,
 Who, with the Cry of *Fast asleep*,
 Us'd to awake the drouzy Maids,
 And early raise the lazy Jades;
 This little Imp such Gestures show'd,
 That caus'd much Laughter in the Crowd,
 Who were so tickl'd, and so pleas'd,
 To see his Holiness so teaz'd,
 As if they thought the Dev'l was meant
 For Pastime, more than Punishment ;
 And that each noisy Raggamuffin
 Believ'd the black infernal Ruffin
 Was destin'd for their Sport, to be
 A Scaramouch to Popery ;
 And that his Darkship was unable
 To terrify an *English* Rabble,
 Secure beneath the Nomination
 Of Protestant ; to which Profession

As well as to its sacred Name,

They're both a Horror, and a Shame.

Behind this *Babylonian* Whore,

About the Streets in Triumph bore

A younger Fry of mobbish Vermin,

The Sons of Porters, and of Carmen,

With Paper Miters round their Skulls,

Walk'd on in State, as Cardinals;

Each in his dirty right Hand bore

Cross'd Lath, instead of Crozier,

And from their left a Necklace hung,

By their fanatick Mothers strung;

And to their forward Children lent,

Thro' Zeal, with a devout Intent

To ridicule the Popish Way

Of using Trinkets when they pray;

Altho' the little heath'nish Race,

So void of Sense, as well as Grace,

Perhaps

Perhaps were so untaught, that they,
 Their *Pater-Noster* could not say,
 With Beads, or any other Way;
 For in this pious Christian Nation,
 There is a vip'rous Congregation
 Instructed daily to forbear
 Our *Father*, as a Popish Pray'r:
 Therefore, what Wonder can it be
 For righteous Men to weep, and see
 Religion made the Ridicule
 Of e'ery canting Knave and Fool?
 Who wear it in no other Places,
 But in their Gestures, and their Faces;
 And think it of no other Force,
 Than fit to be a stalking-Horse
 To Wordly Int'rest, and their Pride,
 And many vicious Ends beside;
 Nay, use it as the very Hinge,
 On which they open their Revenge,

And

And shut Preferment's heavy Gate
 Upon the Heels of those they hate;
 Such who're too conscious to agree
 With e'ery pious Villany,
 And scorn to bend their honest Wits
 To painted Frauds, and holy Cheats.

In Triumph, thus the Popish Bauble
 Was carry'd by the scoundrel Rabble,
 Attended by a ragged Crew
 Of Link-boys, and the Lord knows who!
 Made Cardinals for this good Night,
 The more t' improve the frantick Sight,
 That reeling Saints, as drunk as Rats,
 Might leer beneath their Pot-lid Hats,
 And laugh to see their Tools, the Rabble,
 So fit, so willing, and so able,
 To pull down what they deem as *Babel*;
 For thus our Puritannick Friends
 Accomplish their revengeful Ends;

They

They trembling first, proclaim a Fear
 Of some strange Popish Danger near,
 And under this demure Pretence,
 Devoutly labour to infuse
 The giddy Mob, those heath'nish Creatures,
 Against the Pope, and his Abettors :
 And when the Saints have thus prepar'd
 The *Hydra* for their Body-Guard,
 They boldly then dare strike their Blow,
 To drive that Nail they mean should go;
 And he that durst oppose their grand
 Design, and their Intrigues withstand,
 'Tis but their crying, He's suspected
 Of being Popishly affected,
 And soon the base unthinking Crowd
 Will cry the Infamy aloud,
 And by the Help of common Fame,
 So fix the Antichristian Name,
 That all Efforts shall prove in vain
 To cleanse him from the odious Stain ;

For as he washes, still they watch him,
 And fling more Dirt where e'er they catch him;
 So that in fresh Attacks they cast
 Their Lies and Calumnies so fast,
 That make him truckle, and decline
 Opposing every base Design
 Carr'd on against the publick Safety
 T' advance the Godly and the Crafty:
 Nor do they stop, 'till they exclude,
 By th' Clamours of the Multitude,
 Those Persons whom they fear or hate,
 From all Employments in the State.
 By *Machiavillian* Arts like these,
 The Saints accomplish what they please,
 And gain more Footting by degrees.
 So angry Statesmen, to foment
 Our Jealousies of Government,
 Fill with false Tales the Rabbles Mouths,
 Who eccho round the base Untruths,

And make the giddy Vulgar fear
 Evils remote the Lord knows where,
 Whilst in the Grass a Serpent lies
 Obscur'd by Shams from common Eyes,
 Design'd to overturn the State,
 And make the vile Projector Great:
 If therefore you'd be free from Wrongs,
 Ne'er listen to the Rabbles Tongues;
 For all Distractions and Confusions,
 Domestick Wars and Revolutions,
 Are elbow'd on by those vile Wretches,
 Whom Heav'n abhors, and Hell bewitches.

Shouting and Roaring in the Streets,
 Like drunken Sots, or *Bedlamites*,
 The noisy Rake-hells march'd along,
 Surrounded by a gazing Throng,
 Who, like true Protestants, bestow'd
 Their Pence according to the Mode,
 That all the Standers by might see
 How much they hated Popery.

Thought:

Thought I, as these an Idol frame
 Of Rags, and fix the frightful Name
 Of Pope thereon, that all who see
 The Bugbear's sad Catastrophe,
 May triumph, in Despite to *Rome*,
 O'er Puppet Grey-beard's Martyrdom.
 Just so the Saints ill Names devise
 For those who do their Cant despise,
 And make them next their Sacrifice.

F I N I S.

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Part VIII. Vol. II.

C A N T O VIII.

A Bout that Season of the Year,
 When Rebels, void of Shame and Fear,
 Did at one sad infernal Blow,
 Their Fury, Pride, and Malice show ;
 And when the Sons of Decolation,
 To manifest their Approbation
 Of all those Mis'ries and Disorders,
 Those Treasons, Rapines, Spoils, and Murders,
 By their vile Fathers done long since
 Upon their Country, and their Prince ;

Do meet together, and contract
 The Guilt of e'ery wicked Act
 Upon themselves, by giving Glory
 To such a black and dismal Story,
 And making Royal Blood and Slaughter,
 The Subject of their scornful Laughter.
 'Twas near that Time of *January*,
 When Calves-head Miscreants grow merry,
 To think how Rebels once could wound
 The Church, and Monarchy confound,
 Abuse the Laws, subvert the State,
 And make themselves unjustly great,
 That I by Bus'ness, was induc'd,
 To drink where factious Zealots us'd,
 Such whose rebellious Tongues could dare,
 To justify that Civil War,
 And all the Evils that arose
 From those Domestick cruel Blows,
 Whose dismal Truths no Man can learn
 From Story, but with deep Concern,

Except th' Approvers of such Evils,
 Whose Consciences are fear'd like Devils:
 For Rebels glory in their Shame,
 And praise what loyal Subjects blame;
 Despise the Pow'r they can oppress,
 And measure Justice by Success.
 So Rogues, when fortunately base,
 Support their Projects with a Grace,
 As if their Crimes were Scandal free,
 When flatter'd with Prosperity.

Stepping one Night into this House,
 Where tipling Saints strong Ale carouse,
 And aged Sots, with shaking Hands,
 Liquor at once their Lips and Bands;
 Whilst raving Hot-spurs, void of Reason,
 Infect the smoaky Room with Treason:
 Such Doctrine, that in Times of Yore,
 Each Babler must have suffer'd for,
 Tho' now 'tis made the common Cant
 Of e'ery democrattick Saint;

Who talks of Sov'reign Crowns and Scepters,
 Of Rev'rend Bishops, Deans, and Chapters,
 Not onl' as if they did not love 'em,
 But that they gladly would remove 'em,
 To set their worthless Selves above 'em:
 For Saints, thro' their abounding Grace,
 Have Right not only to displace
 The Wicked and Prophane, but also
 To pull down those they're please to call so,
 Which are all such, that honour Merit
 Above the Grumbling of the Spirit,
 And scorn to see such Knaves and Fools
 Make honest Men their Slaves and Tools;
 Whose Fall, their Tribe must first devise,
 Before themselves can hope to rise;
 For Merit must be driven low,
 E'er Ign'rance can to Power grow.
 The Cap can never brave the Crown,
 'Till Justice first is traml'd down;

Nor

Nor Blockheads into Pulpits creep,
 (Those Wolves that prey upon their Sheep)
 'Till Learning's hush'd and lull'd a sleep.

I fat me down amidst a Crew
 Of Old and Young, the Lord knows who!
 Some puffing Sot-weed o'er their Glasses,
 In one another's Parchment Faces,
 Which were of tawny Colour dy'd,
 Like *Tarmouth* Herrings, smoak'd and dry'd;
 Shrivell'd with Envy, and with Age,
 Like Witches on the Play-house Stage,
 Such as their Daughters us'd to see
 In some old dismal Tragedy;
 Others fat pinn'd in little Boxes,
 Driv'ling, as Sinners do in Fluxes,
 Each raising, as he loll'd at Ease,
 His Salivation by Degrees,
 With sucking his *Virginia* Fuel,
 And drinking Ale like Water-Gruel,

Which

Which might, no Doubt on't, do as well,
 For by its Colour, none could tell
 Which was the best for fluxing Throats,
 This brew'd of Malt, or that of Oats.

Others, more jolly, brisk and young,
A Calves-Head Hymn in Confort sung,
 The frothy, rude, unpolish'd Strains
 Of some dull jingling Rebel's Brains,
 Who was of Rhimes enough a Master
 To be a Calves-Head Poetafter;
 For to that Club of Imps so hated,
 Despis'd, condemn'd, abominated,
 His Ballads all were dedicated,
 And practis'd here by wicked Apes,
 That mimmick Hell in Human Shapes,
 Against that sad and bloody Time,
 Not to be nam'd without a Crime,
 That their vile Tongues might perfect be
 At their accurs'd Solemnity,

In yelling with their croaking Throats,
Those Tragick Songs in joyful Notes,
That fill th' Infernal Shades with Wonder,
And make the Devils tremble under.

Others there were, whose odious Tongues,
Mov'd by the Breath of poy's'nous Lungs,
Pour'd out such Venom on the Dust
Of Kings, so merciful and just,
That none but Rebels, void of Shame,
Could injure their Immortal Fame,
And nip those Blossoms with their Lies,
That from their fragrant Ashes rise;
Whose Praises, and whose patient Wrongs,
Distilling from impartial Tongues,
Will fructify their injur'd Clay,
Restore their Vertues fresh and gay,
And make 'em flourish o'er their Urns,
'Till Mercy smiles, and Envy mourns,
And Malice ceases to degrade
The living Actions of the Dead.

But when those happy Times will be,
 Not even P——ge can foresee,
 By all his vile Astrology ;
 Nor gifted Saint, of greater Merit,
 Who boasts Pre-knowledge by the Spirit :
 For he that is so weak and blind
 To trust in either Knave, will find
 One's Impudence, and t'other's Rules,
 Are only Baits to fish for Fools.
 But this I know is a Digression,
 I attone therefore by Confession :
 However, you shall quickly see
 I'll reassume my Company.
 But Poets, sure, when Whimsy dances,
 May stray a while, to please their Fancies,
 Without incurring the Asperion
 Of Vagrancy, or Theme Desertion,
 Since trimming Saints, and Moderators,
 Vary from Church for slender Matters,

And

And so return, upon Discretion,
As they themselves shall see Occasion.

Thus, Tinker like, I've made a Pother,
To mend one Hole, and make another.

Seated as you before have heard,
Lift'ning and stroaking down my Beard,
Su.rounded by Rebellious Sots,
Hugging their Glassses, Pipes, and Pots,
In Puritannick Bands and Dresses,
Full as ill-favour'd as their Faces,
Whose Wrinkles, Lines, and long-hair'd Moles,
Betray'd the Baseness of their Souls,
That Men, judicious, might discern
Moroseness in their Looks, and learn,
By outward ugly Signs and Features,
The damn'd Perverseness of their Natures.
So he who peeps in Bull-Dog's Face,
Descended of Bear-Garden Race,
May, by his fullen Leers, compute
The ill Conditions of the Brute,

And in his surly Phiz, discover
Of what rough Game he is a Lover.

At last a swarthy dub-nos'd Fellow,
With Cheeks like rusty Bacon, yellow,
And Saucer-Eyes, not quite so small
As those we see at *Leaden-Hall*,
In Bullock's Head, at Butcher's Stall,
Began to stretch his envious Jaws
In favour of the good old Cause,
And speak profusely in the Praise
Of *Nol* and *Bradshaw's* blessed Days;
Commending, at a publick Table,
Each cruel sanguinary Rebel,
Who sat in that Infernal Court,
That made their suff'ring King their Sport,
Extolling all their barbarous Crimes
For Justice in those pious Times,
Stiling 'em Saints of Preservation,
Rais'd up to save a sinking Nation.

From

From Pop'ry, Tyranny, and Slav'ry,
 Church-Persecution, and Court-Knav'ry,
 And all the wretched Plagues that fell on
 This Kingdom from their own Rebellion;
 Most vilely charging all the Guilt
 Of Blood in those Disorders spilt,
 Upon the Throne, altho' the Stain
 Does on their cursed Tribe remain,
 Like that which God once fix'd on *Cain*.
 No Wonder, since they still, we see,
 Retain their ancient Policy
 In charging Plots themselves invent,
 On others that are innocent.

Their present Mischiefs all are laid
 Upon those Persons they invade.
 They can't oppress; but must accuse
 The injur'd Suff'ers they abuse,
 Of Ills their Party only use.
 By cheating thus, they win the Game,
 And make the Loofer bear the Blame.

So subtle Thieves, at Night pursu'd
 By th' busy Snow-ball Multitude,
 Mix with the Crowd, run on their Way,
 And cry *Stop Thief*, as well as they.

After I'd sat a while in Pain,
 To hear this Monster of a Man
 Belch out his wicked vile Excursions,
 And all his frantick base Aversions,
 I could no longer sit in Silence,
 To hear such Infamy and Violence
 Us'd to the Mem'ry of a King
 So mild and just in e'ery Thing,
 So consciencious, and so good,
 That none but such a Vip'rous Brood,
 That stung his Royal Breast to Death,
 Could poys'n his Ashes with their Breath.
 Therefore, tho' very well I knew
 My self surrounded with a Crew
 Of Imps and Furies, that could show
 More Spite than those that dwell below,

Yet I resolv'd to let 'em see
 A true, tho' short, Epitome
 Of the base Usage they had given
 To the bless'd Martyr now in Heaven,
 Which they endeavour'd to disguise
 And paliate with their odious Lies.

Unwilling that their false Reproach
 Should any list'ning Ear debauch ;
 Provok'd and vex'd, I thus began
 With him, whose Tongue so long had ran.

*Sir, with much Patience have I heard
 Your Malice wag your picked Beard,
 Endeav'ring with your ill-bred Lips,
 To injure, blacken, and eclipse
 That vertuous King's Immortal Fame,
 Whose Suff'rings magnify his Name,
 And raise his Glory, and your Shame.
 But now, to let you see what Errors
 You've basely broach'd among your Hearers,*

*I'll prove the Mis'ries of those Time
 All owing to your Party's Crimes;
 Those Rebels, from whose Loyns, I doubt,
 Your envious self was hammer'd out.*

*Why, how now, crys the spiteful Saint,
 What angry High-Church Disputant
 Have we got here? Some Popish Priest!
 Or snarling Jacobite at least!*

*Said I, No matter what I am
 To any here, or whence I came:
 The naked Truths I shall declare,
 I'd have your Calves-head know, I dare
 To publish here, or any where.*

*Hear him, crys some, the Lord forbid
 That Truth should lye in Darknes's bid.
 What have we done, that we deny,
 And dare not boldly justify.*

*No Villany, thought I, that can be,
 But what you've Impudence to stand by;*

For,

*For, Satan like, 'tis still your Nature
To back one Evil with a greater.*

However, these, for fear of broken
Noddle, were Sentiments unspoken:
For what at Foot-ball we suppose
Are Odds, must be the same at Blows.
So looking round the glaring Brood,
I open'd, mildly as I cou'd,
My Charge against those pious Devils
That glory in the worst of Evils.

Said I, *When first those dismal Days
Began, which I have heard you praise,
And bold Mechanick Miscreants
Set up themselves for preaching Saints,
Who in dark Holes, in spite of Laws,
Gave Succour to your good old Cause,
And nurs'd the monstrous cruel Beast,
'Till grown too big to be suppress'd ;
Did you not then corrupt, or find
A H—— of C—— to your Mind,*

H h h

Who

*Who did with brazen Fronts withstand
 Their Prince in e'ery just Demand,
 'Till they had drove him, by Delays,
 To lawful, but uncommon Ways,
 Of raising Money, to supply
 His Government's Necessity ?
 For who, that bears supream Command,
 Can give Protection to a Land,
 If they that only Current stem,
 That must preserve both him and them ?
 But when they found the Throne had made
 A present Shift, without their Aid,
 Did they not clamour and abuse
 The Means they'd forc'd the King to use,
 And charge that Fault upon the Crown,
 Which long Delays had made their own ?
 For if a Prince declares his Want
 To those whose Duty 'tis to grant,
 And they, thro' Obstinance, deny
 The Sov'reign Pow'r a due Supply,*

And

*And he a needful Sum shall raise
By some impracticable Ways ;
Those that obstruct the common Spring,
Abuse the People, not the King.*

*When by Refusals and Complaints,
The House, regardless of his Wants,
Had brought his Majesty to Streights,
And plagu'd him with their vile Debates ;
Did they not dayly grow upon him,
In order to at last dethrone him ?
And hire the Scots t' invade the Land
With thirty thousand Pounds in hand ?
Which Sum (that all the World may see
Their Impudence and Villany)
They added to the King's Account,
As if Rebellion could amount
To meritorious Service done
The Kingdom, or the sinking Throne ?
The Rabble may as well untile
A House against the Owner's Will,*

*Then make him answer their Demands,
For the vile Labour of their Hands.*

*Did they not next torment and tear
The Throne with base Remonstrances,
False and rebellious, with intent
To scandalize the Government,
And make the People look awry
On the supream Authority?*

*For Calumny's the piercing Sting
That at a Distance wounds the King,
And is the only Tool in Play,
By which Rebellion cuts its way?*

*When by their base reproachful Arts,
(As false and trayt'rous as their Hearts)*

*And by their sawcy proud Petitions,
They'd fill'd the Nation with Suspensions,
Did they not then in Triumph bring*

*The Rabble, to insult their King
With Cries of Justice at his Gates,
(The common Cant of Reprobates)*

*When all their base inglorious Ends
 Were first to sacrifice his Friends,
 That they with Ease might sack the Throne,
 And make the Regal Pow'r their own ?
 For Rebels can no King betray,
 Till first they snatch his Friends away ;
 But when that's done, altho' he may
 Stand for a little Time at Bay,
 Yet must he perish in the Close,
 A Victim to his cruel Foes ?
 So the fat Buck, that rules the Herd,
 And treads as if he nothing fear'd ;
 Yet, when he's singl'd from the rest,
 And by the Hounds too hardly prest,
 Dispairing of his Force or Speed,
 He groans, and so submits to bleed.
 When thus the Righteous Band of Saints -
 Had spread their Clamours and Complaints,
 And by their canting Pulpiteers,
 Had fill'd the Land with Doubts and Fears ;*

(For no Rebellion e'er could rise
 So high, to give a King Surprise,
 Without their Holy Exercise)
 Then flush'd with Hopes of their Success,
 They chas'd the King from Place to Place,
 With Libels humbly call'd Petitions,
 And Treasons stil'd their Propositions,
 So smoothly penn'd, so well design'd,
 So modestly express'd, so kind,
 That they insisted on no more
 Than all the Right of Sov'reign Pow'r;
 Which, if his Majesty would grant,
 O! then no Money should be want;
 Meaning, that when they'd got his Head,
 He no Supplies would need when dead;
 For 'tis the old fanatick way,
 When they've usurp'd the Sov'reign Sway,
 To murder those they should obey.
 And that you may more plainly see
 The Drift of all their Treachery,

First bear, then judge ye as ye please,

By their Proposals, which were these :

That what the Commons should insist on
Was Law, the King was not to question.

That very Article alone

Sets Parliaments above the Throne,

And gives Rebellion Pow'r to play

The Devil with their Kings each Day.

That Precedents (as useles Readings)

Should give no Bounds to their Proceedings.

From hence a Man may clearly see

What cursed Tyrants they would be,

Who make their Wills, to Malice bent,

Their standing Rules of Government.

That for the publick Good, they might

Dispose of King or Subject's Right ;

And that alone the Parliament,

Without the King, or his Assent,

Were Judges of the State o' th' Nation,

And e'ery Thing, that bore Relation

To th' People's Good or Preservation.

Pray,

Pray, is not this to plainly say,
 That they have Pow'r to take away
 The King's or any Subject's Right,
 When e'er themselves shall think it fit?
 For if they vote the Publick Good
 Requires your Fortune, or your Blood,
 What Man, that is of Lands possess'd,
 'Altho' he has no Law transgress'd,
 Can vouch, at this unhappy Rate,
 His Life's his own, or his Estate?

That no good Member should, for Treason,
 Or any other Crime, or Reason,
 Be troubl'd, 'till the Parliament
 Should judge the Fact, and give Consent,
 (If they should see sufficient Cause)
 He should be punish'd by the Laws.

Traytors by this, are made secure
 Against the Gripes of Sov'reign Pow'r,
 That Rebels, with a bolder Grace,
 Might spit in Monarch's Royal Face,

*And spur on with more Heat and Passion,
Those ill Designs in Agitation.*

That the whole Sov'reign Pow'r and Sway
Alone in both the Houses lay ;
And that the King had no such Choice,
As a denying Vote or Voice.

*This shews their Villany unpainted,
And tells us plainly what they wanted,
That Pow'r supream, and nothing less,
Would satisfy their Greediness ;
For if the King must give Assent
To Laws that bear an ill Intent,
And cannot, when there's just Occasion,
Deny his Royal Approbation,
Such Majesty is but a Mouse,
Less than a Member of the House ;
For he, without Restraint, can show
His Choice in voting Yea or No.*

That levy'ng Forces in the Land
'Gainst the King's personal Command,

Tho' present in the House, when they
 His Royal Pleasure disobey ;
 Yet 'tis not such a wicked Thing,
 As raising Arms against the King,
 But levy'ng War (a pretty Trick)
 Against his Person Politick.

*A quaint Device, contriv'd to cripple
 The Understandings of the People,
 And make 'em think, that they might fight
 Against the Crown with all their Might,
 Yet ne'er intend one evil Thing
 Against the Person of the King ;
 As if to give their Sov'reign Chase,
 And drive him from his Royal Place ;
 Making his Troubles but their Sport,
 Was not to mean his Person Hurt.
 Or as if Kings could loose their Right
 Of Pow'r, and suffer nothing by't.
 The Lord preserve us in our Wits
 From such base Logical Deceits ;*

Which

*Which sure could never find a Place
In Men of either Sense or Grace.*

That no Man can commit a Treason
Gainst the King's Life, for other Reason,
Than that he's trusted with the Throne,
And all Things that depend thereon ;
Nor longer than he rules aright,
Not in the Lord's, but People's Sight ;
For that the Parliament have still
The Power to judge, when e'er they will,
Whether he governs well or ill.

}

*If, right or wrong, the House shall say
The King abus'd the Sov'reign Sway,
Then all his Subjects may dispense
At once with their Allegiance,
And buffet him, if they see Cause,
Without the Danger of the Laws ;
Because the House has Pow'r to tell,
Whether the King rules ill or well.*

If

*If they say ill, then all are free
 To pull down Popish Tyranny,
 Tho' themselves acted in the State
 The very Things they seem'd to hate;
 And as their Fury made it plain,
 Rul'd more like Devils, than like Men.*

*That with the King they may such Measures
 Use, as best suit their Wills and Pleasures:
 And when themselves shall think it meet,
 Dispose of him as they see fit.*

*This last Proposal, tho' express'd
 Concisely, sums up all the rest;
 And plainly says, That when they will,
 They may dispose of (that is, kill)
 The King; which doubtless was their Sense,
 As we may judge by th' Consequence.*

To be concluded in the next Part.

F I N I S.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part IX. Vol. II.

D *ID not these Tres'nable Petitions*
Contain most humble Propositions,
For pious Saints of Reformation
To offer tow'rd Accommodation
Of all those Mischiefs, and Confusions,
Occasion'd by such vile Enthusions,
Who had already robb'd the Throne,
And made the Sov'reign Pow'r their own?
Tet, were not easy, or content
With their rebellious Government,
Without the King (too wise to do it)
Would grant 'em better Title to it,

And by an Art, beneath his Nature,
Make them the supream Legislator ?
 So the rich Knave, that once has gain'd
 Possession of another's Land,
 If th' injur'd Person wants a Purse
 To guard him against Fraud and Force,
 The wealthy Rogue, to be more sure
 Of what's already in his Pow'r,
 Takes (as the Rebels did, we see)
 Th' Advantage of Necessity,
 And tempts the other for a Trifle,
 To give up all his Right and Title.

When the good injur'd King, like one
Divinely worthy of a Throne,
Had giv'n the sawcy Saints an Answer
Becoming Anna's Royal Grandfir,
And with just Indignation fir'd,
Refus'd the Kindness they desir'd ;
Did they not teaze him o'er and o'er,
With nineteen Propositions more,

Stil'd with a counterfeit Submission,
Their humble (tho' their proud) Petition ?
Not with Design to show Allegiance,
Or the least Glim'rings of Obedience,
But that all Rebels might discern
Their damn'd Hypocrisy, and learn
From them the Rulers of the Nation,
The Art of vile Diffimulation;
A Talent by the Saints allow'd of,
And is a Gift their Priests are proud of,
Especially when not abus'd,
But to some base Advantage us'd :
For all Deceits of Holy Friends,
Are lawful to obtain their Ends
Against those People, which the picked
Beard shall mark out to be the Wicked :
For if, say they, it is no Evil
To be too cunning for the Devil,
It is no Sin to cozen, sure,
His Subjects, that support his Pow'r :

*For how should Holy Zion flourish,
 Unless the Sons of Darkneſs periſh ?
 From hence the Saints have Right to plunder,
 And turn old Satan's Kingdom under ;
 Which Place, the Righteous take for granted,
 To be where e'er themſelves are planted ;
 For none e'er knew 'em reſt, (God love 'em)
 Until they'd pull'd down all above 'em,
 And rais'd their Holy Tribe aloft
 By Treason, Cruelty, and Craft ;
 As we may prove by a Review,
 Both of Old England, and of New.*

*When thus the craving modeſt Saints
 Had to the King declar'd their Wants,
 Which were much more, you may believe,
 Than he had Will or Pow'r to give ;
 For pious Rogues ne'er mince their Matters,
 Or aſk by halves, like fearful Traytors,
 But when they durſt their Sou'reign teaz
 With craving Importunities,*

'Tis their good Conscience to insist,
If not on more, on all at least :
For thrifty Rebels must be greedy,
Because all Pow'r usurp'd, is needy
Of more, to guard what's got already.
But that which does extend, and make
Their Impudence appear more black,
They're angry, if the Throne denies
To give, or do as they advise ;
Tho' what they ask's so out of Reason,
That 'tis no less than downright Treason.

So Ruffains, who, with Crows and Betties,
 Break Houses, when it dark and late is,
 After they've gagg'd and bound in Bed
 The Servants from their Master's Aid ;
 At last they gently to him creep,
 Surprize him from his harmless Sleep,
 And threat'n him, if he don't resign
 His hidden Plate, and hoarded Coin ;

Nay,

Nay, beat, torment him, and abuse him,
 And with their utmost Malice use him,
 Because, perhaps, he don't relieve 'em
 With more than he has Pow'r to give 'em.

By this Time having warm'd the Crew
 Of Zealots I was talking to,
 A meagre Saint, as full of Spite
 As glowing *Phæbus* is of Light,
 Fix'd on my Face his glaring Eyes,
 Like Cat of Mountain in Surprize,
 And having study'd what to say,
 He made these Queries by the way.

Says he, *Did not that Popish Prince*
God humbl'd for his Sins long since,
Begin the War that brought the Nation
Witbin Aumes Ace of Desolation,
In order, by his Army's Brav'ry,
And his Advisers bidden Knau'ry,
To bring in Popery and Slav'ry.

Said I, *a Man may eas'ly see*
From whence you draw your History;

*Not from the Chronicle, but Pulpit,
 Where some Euthusiastick Dull-pate
 Has labour'd, by the Dint of Lying,
 Set off with Groans, and painful Sighing,
 To make the Malice of his Heart,
 (Disguis'd with all his Holy Art)
 And the base Venom of his Mouth,
 Pass current for authentick Truth.
 Therefore, could you but lay aside
 Rebellious Prejudice, and Pride,
 Your Questions I could answer soon,
 And make the Point as clear as Noon:
 So, if you'll give my Tale a Hearing,
 You may, or kiss it, that's no Swearing.*

*When the mild King had been for Years
 Teaz'd with Rebellious Scoffs and Fears,
 (For each Petition, or Address,
 The Godly offer'd, seem'd no less)
 At last, he having granted more
 Than any Faction could implore,*

But such who proudly thought a King
 A servile, or a useleſs Thing.
 Then looking with a juſt Contempt
 On all the Libels that they ſent,
 Couch'd with the Titles of Petitions,
 Advice, Remonſtrance, Propoſitions,
 And fifty Rebels Tricks beſide,
 To ſhew their Arrogance, and Pride,
 The King reſolv'd, when he had ſound
 Such Uſage, now to ſtand his Ground,
 And not diſhonour God's Anointed
 With ſuch Conceſſions as they wanted;
 For ev'ry Thing they gain'd upon him,
 Was but in order to dethrone him.
 And what good Prince, ſo wiſe as he,
 That could their baſe Deſign foreſee,
 Would further his approaching Ruin,
 And lend a Hand to's own Undoing?
 That's giving Cudgel to a Foe,
 Who means to tender you a Blow,

And

*And then be forc'd, with naked Arm,
To bear off the approaching Harm.*

*Therefore, since Rump, by Dint of sitting,
Reforming, cox'ning, and out-witting,
Had forc'd the King, thro' Pride and Malice,
To wander from his Royal Palace,
And in his Troubles, to depend
On those that did his Cause befriend,
Whilst Rump was dayly still ingrossing
That Sou'reign Pow'r the Throne was loosing,
The King, with a judicious Eye,
Beholding Danger very nigh,
Thought it high Time to be prepar'd
'Gainst Rebels with a better Guard,
That's Person might have Preservation
From Bondage, or Assassination;
Having, by what had pass'd, good Reasons
To be secure against their Treasons:
For pious Saints, that undertake
To pull down Kings for Jesus Sake,*

*Will do all Villanies beside,
 To gratify their Holy Pride :
 For all Rebellions in a Nation,
 Built on Religious Reformation,
 Can ne'er perform the Work o' th' Lord,
 Without much Blood-shed by the Sword.*

*The busy Rump, displeas'd to see
 The King in such Security
 Amidst those Northern Troops, that stood
 A Safeguard to his Royal Blood,
 Voted, the King made War against
 His Sov'reign Lords, the Parliament ;
 For so, by what they did, we see
 They look'd upon themselves to be.
 Great Comfort, sure, such Madnes brings,
 When Knaves turn Priests, and Rebels Kings,
 In pious Times of Reformation,
 When Villains triumph'd o'er the Nation,
 And most Men ran in Quest of Freedom,
 Arse foremost, as the Rump would lead 'em !*

*The common People, void of Thought,
Must be well govern'd, and well taught,
When Crowds of Tyrants made the Laws
Subservient to their wicked Cause,
And preaching Saints, with flippent Tongues,
Base Principles, and poy's'nous Lungs,
Made Treachery and Treason glorious,
And black Rebellion meritorius.*

*The jealous Rump, in woeful Pain
To hear of these new list'd Men,
Began to sink, like fizling Tail,
For Fear the King should turn the Scale,
Who had, as I have said before,
Rais'd a few Men, which were no more
Than just a fitting Guard du Cor:
But well might the rebellious Herd,
At such a small Alarm, be scar'd,
Since Traytors always are afear'd,
Like trembling Rogues, who rob by Night
That start at e'ery glim'ring Light;*

*Or hiding Knaves, that bilt from Alleys,
Who fancy all they meet, are Bayly's.*

*The Rump thus frighted at a Feather,
Began to lay their Tails together,*

And to debate in House of Office

The raising Sums for Men and Trophies,

Declaring, that the King's Intent

Was to attack the Parliament.

Suppose he had began the War,

It was no more than what was fair;

For if his Subjects do molest him,

And of his Government divest him,

It must be lawful then of Course,

Either by Stratagem, or Force,

To vanquish Rebels, that detain

The Throne, where he has Right to reign;

Or how shall he protect a Nation

From Innovation, and Oppression,

And from Disorder, and Confusion;

Preserve its ancient Constitution;

Support the Church, defend the Faith
 Establish'd, from Fanatick Wrath;
 Our Freedoms, and our Lives secure;
 Distribute Justice to his Pow'r;
 Uphold the Laws, and guide the Throne,
 As other Kings before have done?
 I say, how should a Prince make good
 This sacred Compact as he shou'd,
 That has no Right, by Arms, to quell
 Revolted Subjects, that rebel,
 And with a Trayterous Intent,
 Controul him in his Government?
 How shou'd a King discharge his Trust,
 And to his solemn Oath be just,
 That cannot lawfully defend
 His Right of Pow'r to this great End?
 And when requir'd, with Warlike Blows,
 Chastize his refractory Foes,
 Who, for base Ends, shall allienate
 Their due Obedience from the State?

How

How shall a King bear Sov'reign Sway,

Unless the Subjects do obey?

And what can bind 'em, if they won't,

But Pow'r to force 'em, when they don't?

Yet, after all, I may aver,

The King did not begin the War;

The Rump alone incurr'd the Guilt

Of all the Blood in Battel spilt,

And by the Saints, those kind Abettors,

Those sanctify'd fool-hardy Traytors,

Were all those horrid Mischiefs done,

'Twixt fifty eight, and forty one.

Suppose a Gang of Rogues unite

To rob you of your lawful Right,

And, tho' unarm'd, they bid you stand,

And boldly do your Purse demand;

But you refuse to let 'em have it,

Because they have no Right to crave it;

And they dismount you from your Horse,

Next rob you, tho' by gentle Force;

And

And, for their Safety, turn a drift
Your Nag, and leave your self to shift:
I hope, if you the Country raise,
To seize 'em in their crooked Ways;
And when you meet, you fall upon 'em,
Attack 'em, kill 'em, over-run 'em,
Take 'em, that Justice may be done 'em.
You that are robb'd, are not in fault,
The Villains made the first Assault;
And all the Ills that happen in it,
Are due to them that did begin it.

Besides, if two Men chance to quarrel,
And fight 'till one receives his Farewel;
Since both were drawn, no matter who
Was the most nimble of the two:
He's the Aggressor in the Laws,
That gave the first provoking Cause:
For no Man can receive more Wrong,
And live, than from a spiteful Tongue.

M m m

Therefore,

Therefore, when *War's* in *Agitation*,
 'Tis common *Safety*, no *Transgression*,
 To make the earliest *Preparation*.
 The first chief *Causers* of the same,
 In *Justice*, ought to bear the *Blame*,
 Because the primitive *Offences*
 Produce the evil *Consequences*;
 And that the *Rump*, by their *Invasion*
 Of the *King's Right*, were the *Occasion*
 Of all those sad intestine *Fars*,
 Those *Rapines*, *Spoils*, and bloody *Wars*.
 Their base *Proceedings* are enough
 To give the *World* sufficient *Proof*;
 But *Truth* and *Reason*, loose their *Forces*,
 With *Men* more stubborn far than *Horses*.
 No other cogent *Arguments*,
 But *Int'rest*, will convince the *Saints*,
 That darling *Eccho*, which they follow,
 As one *Owl* does another's *Hallow*.

*The Rump, with pannick Fear confounded,
 In e'ery Vote to Battel Jounded,
 Declaring, that the King's Intent
 Was to make War with's Parliament;
 And therefore order'd, that each Round-head,
 Should be prepar'd against the Crown'd Head;
 And that forthwith the Saints should run
 To th' Exercise of Pike and Gun,
 That when expert in Arms, they might
 Exert their Malice, and their Spite,
 Those puritanick Spurs, that make
 Men fight like Devils, for God's Sake,
 And are of greater Use by far
 Than Courage in domestick War,
 Because the latter Qual'fication
 Gives Room for Mercy, and Compassion,
 When Malice will no Pity show,
 But stab a conquer'd, gen'rous Foe;
 And when they've won the bloody Day,
 Denying Quarter, cut and slay;*

For stubborn Saints, inspir'd by Zeal
 To draw Enthusiastick Steel,
 Ne'er limit their victorious Swords
 In th' Battel, which they call the Lord's;
 But wicked to the worst Degree,
 Crown all Success with Cruelty.

Their canting Teachers now take care
 (Those holy Firebrands of the War)
 To give the People strange Alarms,
 And in their Pulpits groan to Arms,
 Beating up Voluntiers on Cushions,
 With double Fist, to shew their Passions;
 Basely applying the Athalian
 Murder, to justify Rebellion;
 Inferring wickedly from thence,
 That God's most chosen Lambs, the Saints,
 Might dip their Hands in Royal Blood,
 When e'er they thought 'twas for their Good.
 Thus Treason never wants a Text
 To back it, when the Saints are vext;

Example,

*Example, tho' it's ne'er so bad,
 Is a good License, when they're mad,
 For them to act the worst of Evils
 That e'er was done by Men or Devils:
 It is enough for them to shew
 A Precedent for what they do,
 Especially, if 'tis but screw'd
 From Scripture, then the Action's good:
 Altho', perhaps, recited there
 To shew how wicked some Men were,
 And not to teach us how to run
 Into those Evils we should shun:
 As if the killing Amaziah,
 Or David's Treach'ry to Uriah,
 Jehoiada's Command to slay
 Th' Apostate Queen Athaliah,
 Were for the Saints a righteous Plea
 For Murder, and Adultery,
 Or good authentick holy Reasons
 For them to copy the like Treasons.*

*'Tis true, such Doctrine often suits
 Th' Atchievements of fanatick Brutes,
 Who never are so much at Ease,
 As when Rebellion flourishes,
 And crafty Hypocrites bear Sway
 O'er lawful Pow'rs, they should obey :
 The Reason's plain, because Dominion,
 In their wild frensical Opinion,
 Alone, forsooth, in Grace is founded,
 And Grace giu'n only to the Round-head;
 A Mercy by the Saints ingross'd,
 Pretended to by Knaves the most.
 So Bawds, and Midwives, never want,
 At publick Meetings, Scripture-Cant,
 But always talk with large Pretence
 To Grace, to hide their Impudence.*

*The Saints now urg'd by preaching Tonics,
 To bring in both their Plate, and Moneys,
 And to extend their best Assistance,
 To give tyrannick Pow'r Resistance,*

*Were soon prevail'd on to resign
 Their Silver Beakers, and their Coin ;
 That such a just and holy Strife
 Might want no Wealth to give it Life :
 For who, but Papist, Jew, or Turk,
 Would not assist the Godly Work,
 And lend the Saints a helping Hand
 To over-run the promis'd Land ?
 The needy Crowd flung in their Doits,
 And pious Widows toss'd their Mites ;
 The Servant-Maids look'd up their odd Things,
 And gave their Thimbles, and their Bodkins,
 That the good Work might be effected,
 And end in Glory, as expected.
 Nay, Sons by holy Guides were given,
 Who love their Mammon, more than Heaven ;
 That from each pious Knave's Example,
 The Fools might make their Gifts more ample.
 So Misers, who deny their Wealth,
 To purchase wholesome Food for Health,*

Unbind.

Unbind their Hoards, and feed the Laws,

To spur on a revengeful Cause.

The Rump now having serv'd their Wants,

By fleecing their fanatick Saints,

Who ne'er refuse a needful Sum,

When sweet Rebellion is in Bloom;

Had quickly rais'd a powerful Force

Of spiteful Men, and able Horse,

To fight, O wretched, cursed Cant!

For th' King, and eke the Parliament;

Meaning by King, the Pow'r Supream,

Not vested now in him, but them:

So, that Altho' they did oppose

His Person, and his Friends, as Foes,

And labour'd Tooth and Nail, to beat 'em,

Where e'er they could o'ertake, or meet 'em;

Tet, in a Sense Enthusiastick,

Or else bifarious, and fantastick,

By Fools mistaken, for Scholastick;

Against

*Against the King it was no warring,
 But fighting Vice versa for him.
 Rare Logick! to support their Treason,
 In case 'twould bear the Touch of Reason.
 By the same Rule, when doing Evil,
 They're serving God, and not the Devil;
 Or that rebelling 'gainst the Lord,
 Is fighting for his holy Word,
 And mystically struggling still,
 In due Obedience to his Will.
 'Tis true, by all their wicked Crimes
 Transacted in those pious Times,
 False Logick, and falacious Quibbling,
 So us'd in Preaching, and in Scribbling,
 Were Arts on which the Saints rely'd,
 Instead of Scripture, for their Guide.
 For holy Writ was never us'd,
 But when distorted and abus'd,
 Because God's Word, in which we trust,
 So exquisitely good and just,*

Could never serve, unless 'twas maim'd,
 That wicked End, at which they aim'd;
 Therefore, when Evil they pursu'd,
 To make it look as if 'twas good,
 They stretch'd the holy Scriptures to't,
 As Crispin does a Shoe or Boot.
 So Witches, in their Invocations;
 Turn Godly Pray'rs to Imprecations;
 Apply 'em to Designs most evil,
 And say 'em backwards to the Devil.
 Howe'er, the Rump, by Arts like these,
 Still prosper'd in their Villanies,
 And rais'd an Army fit to do
 The worst of Mischiefs in their View,
 Made ripe, by Diabolick Canting,
 For all rebellious Parts of Sainting,
 Theft, Murder, Treason, Rapine, Spoil,
 And e'ery Crime that's capital,
 Which Saints, by holy Teachers back'd,
 May take the Priviledge to act;

For when their Oracle declares

His Will, it must be God's and theirs.

The injur'd King, in great Distress,

Beholding all their Forwardness,

His Army small, his Hopes no greater,

And little Coin to raise a better;

Had lost no Time to be prepar'd,

But found his Disappointments hard;

For Loyalty, when Kings decline,

Like handl'd Glow-worms, cease to shine;

And Money'd Friends, when Foes prevail,

Creep on but slowly, like a Snail:

Altho' the King had, Day by Day,

Sent out Commissions of Array,

Yet was the Royal Cause neglected

By many, whom the King expected.

But Kings, like other Men, we see

Are slighted in Adversity:

Court Flatt'ers seldom stand their Ground,

When Dangers do the Throne surround;

*But when a threat'ning Storm appears,
Like sluggish Asses, hang their Ears;
Or, if they act, they're never hearty,
Except to the prevailing Party.*

F I N I S.

^{**} The Author could not conclude upon this Subject in this Part, as he intended, but hopes to do it in the next.

Advertisements.

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Part X. Vol. II.

THE King thus wanting Men and Coin,
 Proceeded to his Magazine,
 The ancient Northern Town of Hull,
 Where Hotham mounted on the Wall,
 With bold rebellious Impudence
 Deny'd the Ent'rance of his Prince;
 Who, much offended at the Matter,
 Caus'd him to be proclaim'd a Traytor.
 Small Punishment for such a Crime
 Committed at so ill a Time!
 Unless his Sov'reign Justice cou'd
 Have hang'd the Traytor where he stood;

*Because, when Rebels rule the Roast,
 The Brand of Infamy is lost ;
 For, by the Saints, a Man is priz'd
 The more for being stigmatiz'd,
 'Cause each Dishonour whet's his Spleen,
 And makes his Malice still more keen
 Against that Pow'r that does disown him,
 And puts the evil Mark upon him.
 Besides, the greatest Proof of Zeal,
 That Saint can give for Common-weal,
 Is, (when he finds a proper Season)
 To do some bold successful Treason ;
 For he who 'as forfeited his Life,
 To carry on rebellious Strife,
 And knows, if Justice once prevails,
 There is no Mercy in her Scales,
 Will, for his Safety, forward run,
 To finish what he has begun ;
 For he that backward looks, must find
 His Fate persuing close behind.*

Thus

Thus Rebels toil beneath the Curse
 Of propping, with their utmost Force,
 Their wicked Actions still with worse.
 So tim'rous Villains, when they're robbing,
 Proceed thro' Fear, from Theft to Stabbing,
 In Hopes, by Murder, to prevent
 Their being brought to Punishment.

*After the King, to gather Aid,
 His Progress round the North had made,
 That injur'd Majesty might move
 His Subjects to obedient Love,
 By giving them a feeling Sense
 Of all his suff'ring Innocence,
 From thence, with slender Force, he came,
 For more Supplies, to Nottingham,
 Hoping the Justice of his Cause,
 Deriv'd from Heav'n, and Human Laws,
 Might influence e'ery loyal Heart
 To take their injur'd Sov'reign's Part;*

But

But found Rebellion still had got,
 In sordid Minds, so deep a Root,
 That few, as yet, appear'd to be
 So truly fix'd to Loyalty,
 As to be ready to perform
 Their Duty in so sad a Storm ;
 But rather fearful of their Lives,
 Their Lands, their Children, and their Wives,
 Stood niter for a While to see,
 Who first should gain a Victory ;
 That when Success had once been try'd,
 Tho' given to the Rebels Side,
 They might with Safety join the strong-
 -Est Party, whether right or wrong,
 Resolv'd to judge that Cause the best,
 Which with the most Success was blest,
 Believing that the longest Sword
 Still fights the Battel of the Lord,
 And that they're most below'd of Heaven,
 To whom the Victory is given.

So when a Prince usurps a Throne,
 And makes another's Crown his own,
 Fools, Knaves, and Cowards, always boast
 His Right to rule that's uppermost,
 Forgetting, that if Justice bore
 No other Scales, than those of Pow'r,
 That then each Villain, who by Force
 Could rob a House, or take a Purse,
 Might plead an equal Right to plunder
 All those he could by Strength bring under;
 For Justice no more License gives
 For *Kings* to rob, than common Thieves,
 The Highway-man, or brave Commander,
 The Pyrate, or great *Alexander*:
 If alike wicked, All are even
 That break the standing Laws of Heaven,
 Which make no Difference in th' Offences,
 Of petty Knaves, or pompous Princes,
 But punishes the evil Doer,
 Without Respect to Rich, or Poor.

The King with Crosses half confounded,
And with important Cares surrounded,
Display'd his Standard, to invite
His loyal Friends to do him Right;
That is, such speedy Aid to lend,
As might be able to defend
His Royal Person, and the Throne
From those, who did his Pow'r disown,
And labour'd daily to o'ertrow,
And bring their lawful Sou'reign low.
But the vile canting, wicked Babble,
Preach'd up in Hovel, Barn, and Stable,
Had so misled the common Crowd,
From all Things that were just and good,
That Loyalty was deem'd to be
A leading Vice to Slavery,
And sweet Rebellion only thought
A Saint-like Vertue, as 'twas taught.
So that the King, as yet, could find
Small Comfort for his troubl'd Mind

Amidst those Sorrows that oppress,
His pensive, but undaunted Breast,
Prepar'd with Vertue, to sustain
The worst Afflictions of his Reign.
For sacred Innocence ne'er feels
The Tongue that wounds, or Sword that kills,
But with a Martyr-like Content,
Bears nobly what it can't prevent.
Whilst wicked Men, o'ercome with Fear,
Can bravely no Misfortune bear,
But sink with Horror and Dispair.

The fizling Rump, who now, by Virtue
O' th' preaching Blockheads of their Party,
Had rais'd malicious Men and Coin
Sufficient for their base Design,
Began to cock their Tails, to see
They'd got the Start of Loyalty,
And that their Scripture-Quacks, by Canting,
Dissembling, Whining, Sycophanting,

P p p

Had

Had so invegl'd Knaves and Fools,
That both were fond to be their Tools,
And to extend a helping Hand,
To plunder and enslave the Land.
Thus were the giddy Crowd prepar'd
To cause those Mis'ries that they fear'd,
And thro' blind Zeal, to hurry on
Those Ills they arm'd themselves to shun.
So Lucifer, when swell'd with Pride,
Brew winged Legions on his Side ;
But all the Time his Angels fought
For Pow'r and Glory, as they thought
They only labour'd to encrease
Their own eternal Miseries,
And for their dire Rebellion, fell
From Heav'n to everlasting Hell.
Therefore, if such seraphick Rebels
Were chang'd from Angels, into Devi.
What Curses must reward the Merits
Of Saints, that mock such wicked Spirits

When

When Nottingham, that tainted Town,
Remiss in Duty to the Crown,
Had, to their Scandal, disappointed
The Measures of the Lord's anointed,
The King to Shrewsbury proceeded,
Where he soon rais'd what Force he needed,
Believ'd sufficient to oppose
At present, his Rebellious Foes,
Commanded by a noble P——r,
Who did such forked Antlets wear,
As if he meant to brow-beat those
That should the Rebels Cause oppose,
With Buts, instead of man-like Blows:
Altho' a P——r, so basely fitted,
And by a Female Tail outwitted,
A Man would think Revenge should take
Against one Rump, for t'other's Sake.
As he that thinks he has a Friend,

But finds him treach'rous in the End,

Taking Aversion to the Name,
 Will credit none that bears the same.
 But tho' one *Rump* a Cuckold made him,
 And to the horned Plague betray'd him;
 Yet t'other *Rump*, to tip the Crest
 That mark'd him for a Woman's Beast,
 Made the *Buck* Gen'ral o'er the rest.
 Thus from a C——d, was he made,
 Of Round-head Rams, the horned Head,
 As if he hop'd, as some do guess,
 With greater Shame, to hide the less.

Now give me Leave to light my Fuel,
And sip a little Derby Gruel;
And when refresh'd, I'll make appear
Those farther Truths you hate to bear.

C A N T O IX.

BOTH Parties being now impower'd
To try their Valour by the Sword,

One spur'd by Duty, t'other Spite,

Seem'd equally prepar'd to fight;

So that 'twas difficult to guess,

Which Army should obtain Success,

The Side with Loyalty inspir'd,

Or those which were with Malice fir'd;

Both Motives greatly do engage,

But the last bears the keener Edge;

For Love and Duty, tho' they make

The Gen'rous bold, for Justice Sake;

Tet, by the Mercy which they use,

The End propos'd they often loose,

When Malice always wants a Will

To spare, when it has Pow'r to kill,

And

*And does by Cruelty, obtain
The very End it hop'd to gain.*

*The King now join'd with able Force,
Consisting both of Men and Horse,
Commanded by a Loyal Peer,
Of noble Birth and Character;
His March from Shrewsbury began,
Attended with his warlike Train,
Moving tow'rd London, where the Godly,
Half dead with Fear, look'd very odly,
Least pious Rump should now be thrown
From Saddle, which they thought their own;
And from that Pitch, to which they'd soard,
Tumble like PRIDE into a T—d.
No sooner had the King made Way,
And march'd by where the Rebels lay,
But their brave General Cornutus,
With Head like Buck, and Heart like Brutus,
Brandish'd his Horns before the Herd,
And closely follow'd whom he fear'd.*

The King conceiving that the TUP
Design'd to block his Army up
Betwixt the Round-heads and the Town,
Those equal Rebels to the Crown;
With Princely Courage fac'd about,
And put Cornutus to the Rout,
Prepar'd before by loving Wife
For Heaven, in case he'ad lost his Life;
Perhaps on purpose that he might
With greater Zeal and Courage fight.
For if a Man, before he dies,
Is certain to surmount the Skies,
How can he fear the Loss of Breath,
That's sure of Heaven after Death?

When loyal Friends, by Fortune's Wheel,
Had won the Battel at Edghil,
The King, with all his Force, inclin'd
Tow'rs Town, as he before design'd,
Which set the Saints in such a Trembling,
It almost put 'em by Dissembling,

And

And made them in good Earnest pray,
 Instead of Jest, their common Way :
 Their busy Leaders hung their Ears,
 And all their Hopes were chang'd to Fears :
 Their Coin, belov'd above their Souls,
 They hid in Corners, and in Holes ;
 Shut up their Shops, for Preservation,
 As in the Time of Visitation,
 The Saints all looking so forlorn,
 As if they now had Cause to mourn
 Some other Plague, besides the Horn :
 However, tho' in sorry Pickle,
 When once chear'd up at Conventicle,
 They reassum'd their former Spite,
 And still were Rebels to the Height.
 When Guides had thus, by holy Arts,
 New-ground the Malice of their Hearts,
 And made the Saints Revenge as keen,
 As ever it before had been ;

*Another Army soon sprang up
 From Workhouse, Warehouse, Stall, and Shop,
 That made the Rebels Force more great,
 Than what the King before had beat :
 Enthusiasticks flock'd in Shoales,
 To fight, not for their Lives, but Souls ;
 For some believ'd their Cause so good,
 That he who sacrific'd his Blood,
 To propagate the Int'rest of it,
 Should merit Heaven for his Profit,
 To make amends for Loss of Life
 In such a glorious holy Strife.
 A youthful Fry were join'd to these,
 Of giddy crop-ear'd 'Prentices,
 Who thought no more of Death or Wounds,
 Than Hares new kindl'd, do of Hounds ;
 But spurr'd by Masters, and by Parents,
 Were blind, but resolute Adherents,
 Who turn'd not wicked out of Conscience,
 But follow'd others, not their own Sense,*

Thinking no more of Heaven or Hell,
Than that 'twas sinful to rebel:
These, tho' they wanted Skill or Brains,
Had youthful Vigour in their Veins;
So that their Folly made 'em bolder,
Than some much more expert and older.
 For he that does himself betake
 To Arms, for only Fighting's Sake,
 And does no other End propose,
 But the Destruction of his Foes;
 Much Malice, and but little Wit,
 Will make him for the Purpose fit;
 For too much Foresight, we have found,
 Have made sometimes the Wise give Ground,
 When Clod-skulls, at the worst o'th' Lay,
 By brutal Rage, shall make their Way,
 And blind to Danger, win the Day.

When thus the train-band Ninconpoops,
Join'd with auxiliary Troops,

Were

*Were arm'd, and in a ready Plight
 To march, to plunder, or to fight,
 Cornutus, willing still to head 'em,
 By Night crept into Town, to lead 'em,
 In Hopes, by this fanatick Host,
 To gain that Honour he had lost :
 But the good King, who now had ventur'd,
 To march so near the Town, as Brentford,
 Foreseeing, with Concern and Pitty,
 The headstrong Baseness of the City,
 And that they were so well prepar'd
 To stand on their rebellious Guard ;
 Return'd to Oxford, when inform'd
 How Malice had the City warm'd,
 B'ing not adviseable to try
 Against such Odds, for Victory ;
 Tho' by an unexpected Blow,
 He gave a fatal Overthrow
 To three bold Regiments of Rebels,
 That fought for wicked Rump, like Devils ;*

*That Ruinp, which now upon the Brink
Of Danger, ready was to sink.*

*Thus was that bloody War begun
Ft' th' fatal Tear of Forty One;
Not by the King, but by the crafty
Saints, who had forc'd him, for his Safety,
To do most justly what he did,
To stop their Cruelty and Pride;
Which lastly, notwithstanding, wrought
The King's Destruction, which they sought.
For say, Fanaticks, what you can
To palliate that Rebellion,
The bloody Scenes, in which it ended,
Shew'd plainly what the Saints intended.*

*The Kingdom thus with War oppress'd,
From North to South, and East to West,
That all Things tended in the Nation,
To Ruin, Spoil, and Desolation,
Look'd as if Heaven was now beginning
To scourge the wicked Land for Sinning,*

And

*And humble the Rebellious-hearted,
 By Judgments which themselves had courted;
 For Justice very oft has granted
 The Sons of Wrath those Things they wanted,
 On purpose, that the sad Event
 Might prove their earthly Punishment,
 That they at last, with Shame might see
 The Fruits of all their Villany,
 And with repenting Horror fill'd,
 Bemoan the Blood of those they'd kill'd,
 And all their cruel Wrongs they've done
 By Murder, and Rebellion.*

*For tho' they prosper in their Evil,
 'Tis not from God, but from the Devil;
 For Heav'n, we see, does oft permit
 The sordid Ruffain in the Street,
 To stab, and quench his bloody Thirst,
 But still he's but the more accurst;
 For tho', by pow'rful Friends, perhaps,
 The shameful Gallows he escapes,*

*Yet must he live beneath the Guilt
 And Horror of the Blood h'as spilt,
 Which makes each Moment of his Breath,
 Much worse than a repenting Death;
 Whilst he that perish'd by his Sword,
 God's Mercy can at once reward,
 And give to his departed Ghost,
 Eternal Life, for that he lost.*

Hence we may learn, that when Success
 Attends on Human Wickedness,
 'Tis but the Flatt'ry of the Devil,
 That draws Man on to farther Evil,
 'Till Terror and Remorse, at last,
 Does all his Sun-shine Days o'ercast,
 And then he views, with sad Dispair,
 The Fruits his evil Actions bear.

*The Nation under strange Delusion,
 Being now reduc'd to such Confusion,
 That Brother against Brother fought,
 And Sons their Fathers Ruin sought;*

*The King still stud'ing all he cou'd,
 To save his misfled People's Blood,
 The kindest, softest Measures try'd,
 T' abate their Malice, and their Pride,
 Off'ring such Terms and Propositions,
 And making daily such Concessions,
 Almost beneath a King to grant
 To Imps too wicked to recant;
 Who but the more their Prince abus'd,
 For all the gentle Means he us'd,
 And with the greater Zeal pers'u'd
 Their Ends, by Rapine, Spoil, and Blood:
 So that of Reason quite bereft,
 The King, no other Way they'd left
 To save his Life, and be restor'd,
 But by the down-right Dint of Sword;
 That now the Rebels of the Rump,
 And Friends that bore the loyal Stamp,
 With equal Eagerness, were bent
 To push the War to its Event,*

Which

*Which no one could, as yet, foresee,
Except the wise Eternity.*

*The Great, the Gen'rous, and the Good,
For Sov'regn Right, undaunted stood,
Resolv'd the King and Throne to save,
Or, in Attempts so just and brave,
To make the bloody Field their Grave.
The misled, brutish, scoundrel Herd,
That never thought, and nothing fear'd,
Lead by base Upstarts, rais'd aloft
From Dunghils, by their Cant and Craft,
With Zealots, full of Spite and Pride,
Whom crafty Teachers first misguide,
And then like Mules and Asses ride:
These made up the rebellious Party,
That to the Rump appear'd so hearty,
And serv'd 'em with as great a Gust,
As if their Quarrel had been just:
For Saints will more for Malice do,
Than Justice can induce 'em to.*

Thus

Thus pious Knaves will sooner fight,
To gratify their own ill Spite,
Than to defend another's Right.

Yet all the While, thro' Fraud or Folly,
They sanctify the War as holy,
And in a base dissembling Tone,
Call it G—d's Cause, when 'tis their own,
And springs from nothing else beside
Their Malice, Avarice, and Pride.

*The Saints in Love with Pike and Gun,
Now push'd the War with Vigour on,
And both the Parties, full of Heat,
Disputed sharply when they met;
Divers keen Battels, to the Cost
Of many Lives, were won and lost;
Tho' Fortune, for the first three Tears,
Smil'd chiefly on the Cavaliers,
So far, that doubtful Rump confess
The loyal Side had got the best,*

R r r

And

*And that the King's successful Force
 Were strongest, both in Men and Horse :
 This fill'd them full of Doubts and Fears,
 And made the Godly hang their Ears,
 Dispairing of the promis'd Land,
 The Zealots wanted to command,
 In case those wicked Sons of Thunder,
 The Loyalists, were brought but under,
 Whose Wealth the Saints mark'd out for Plunder :
 To accomplish these, their wicked Ends,
 The Scots they courted for their Friends,
 Not doubting but their Mother Kirk
 Would help 'em in the righteous Work ;
 Especially, in Hopes to share
 The Blessings of so just a War.
 For Saints, tho' in Opinion Brothers,
 Like Thieves, will never join with others,
 Unless they are allow'd to snack,
 The Booty which they jointly take ;*

For tho' i' th' Faithful 'tis no Stealth
 To rob the Wicked of their Wealth,
 And plead they have a Scripture-Patent
 To seize it wheresoe'er they light on't.

Tet Saints to Saints must upright be,

Or else, where lies their Honesty?

For should the holy Tribe oppress,

And wrong the Sons of Righteousness;

As the good Brethren do for Gain,

Those stil'd the Wicked, and Prophane,

The Devil would not trust 'em then.

Therefore, the Scots, both wise and wary,

Thought it but justly necessary,

That they should join, and take a Share,

In such a gainful holy War,

In which they were assur'd to be

Well-paid for all their Villany;

Knowing Rebellion never wants

Supplies of Money from the Saints,

When

When 'tis to pull the Wicked down,

In Hopes of making all their own.

Thus did the Rump, by seeking Aid,

Most plainly show they were afraid,

That the King's Side as yet were able

To cope with their fanatick Rabble;

Nor could the Rebels e'er have found

A Race of Men above the Ground,

So fitting for the Work design'd 'em,

As that contagious Brood that join'd 'em;

Whose corrupt Minds and Bodies, bare,

Of Northern Plagues, an equal Share;

The one from Scabs, is never free,

The other's curs'd with Treachery.

F I N I S.

Advertisement.

* * * Hypocrisy unveil'd; or, the true Character of a Self-edifying Non-Conformist. To which is added, the Saints wholesome Advice to their good Patron and Protector, *Oliver Cromwell*, of ever blessed Memory among the Holy Ones of this Kingdom. Sold by *B. Bragge*, in *Pater-Noster-Row*. Price Six-pence.

Hudibras Redivivus, &c.

Part XI. Vol. II.

FEAR, *Malice, Av'rice, Zeal, and Pride,*
Kindling the War on e'ery Side,

No Part o' th' Nation now was free

From warm Disputes for Victory:

Confusion e'ery where arose,

And Brothers were to Brothers Foes;

Fathers against their Children fought;

And Sons their Parents Ruin sought.

The noisy Gun, and glitt'ring Sword,

The drowthy Soil with Blood manur'd;

The nobler Plants, in Fields and Plains,

Suck'd up what flow'd from loyal Veins,

That the kind sanguinary Juice
Might live for ever, and produce
Something still worthy of our Use:
Whilst bleeding Rebels, with their Gore,
Did traml'd Weeds to Life restore,
And fill'd those Places, where 'twas spilt,
With prickly Emblems of their Guilt.

Battels now fought, 'twixt Host and Host,
Alternately were won and lost ;
So that when one Side gain'd Success,
Some shrew'd Mishap soon made it less,
To shew that what depends on Fortune,
Is still precarious, and uncertain.

Therefore, the giddy Fool that's bent
To judge of Things by the Event,
Mistakes what's fickle Chance, to be
The Consequence of Heav'n's Decree,
And thinks that Cause or Quarrel, must
Not only be more safe, but just,

That

That with the most Success is blest,
 And does in Battel prosper best.
 When the good Fortune, that befriends us,
 Or the ill Luck, that so attends us,
 Do oft appear, by Circumstance,
 To be alone the Works of Chance,
 And all the boasted great Event,
 To be no more than Accident.
 But proud rebellious Saints, to gloss,
 With holy Cheats, their wicked Cause,
 When Chance the Victory has given,
 Ascribe it to the Hand of Heaven;
 By which fanatick Piece of Cunning,
 Whilst headlong to *Old Nick* they're running
 Th' insinuate, that the Lord engages
 In all their villanous Outrages;
 And that he does, thro' Justice, bless
 Their sinful Works with good Success.
 Therefore, when Whims Enthusiastick,
 Make 'em thus wickedly fantastick,

Well may they fancy Wrong is Right,
 And that their blackest Deeds are white;
 Rebellion just, their Treasons holy,
 Because they prosper in their Folly.
 Thus, whensoever they chanc'd to smite
 Their En'mies Hip and Thigh in Fight,
 Aloud their canting Teachers cry'd,
 The Lord we see is on our Side,
 And helps us to confound their Pride.
 O, *Israel*, to your Tents again,
 Your great Success has made it plain,
 The Lord of Host, in whom we trust,
 Has bless'd our Cause, because 'tis just:
 Therefore with joyful Hearts go on,
 And pull the *Dagon* Idol down;
 Then shall the Saints, with awful Hand,
 Possess and rule the promis'd Land.

So may the Ruffian, that succeeds
 In bloody, base, ignoble Deeds,

Hold

Hold up his Hands, and turn his Eyes,
 Like prosp'rous Rebels, tow'rd the Skies,
 And thank the Lord, that he has blest
 Those Ills, his Goodness does detest,
 And never long escape, we see,
 The Vengeance of Eternity.

Thus sacred Villains oft express
 Their Thanks to Heav'n, for their Success,
 Tho' th' Cause of their Prosperity
 Is wicked to the last Degree :
 As if the hypocritick Cant,
 And pious Glav'rings of a Saint,
 Could sanctify the Guilt of Blood,
 And make his sinful Actions good ;
 Or consecrate their vile Rebellion,
 By putting a Religious Veil on.
 'Tis true, it sometimes may disguise
 Their Villainy from human Eyes,
 And gloss it over, to delude
 The base misjudging Multitude :

But

But Heav'n in Wrath beholds the Cheat,
 And, when his Justice thinks it meet,
 Pours Vengeance down, to let 'em see
 He hates their vile Hypocrisy;
 And that each boasted prosp'rous Evil,
 Is not from God, but from the Devil.

*When both Sides had in Heat and Choler
 Made equal Trial of their Valour,
 And labour'd hard, in Blood and Sweat,
 Who should the final Victory get;
 Yet neither scarce, for Tears, could tell
 On whom the most Success had fell;
 Fortune to both alike inclin'd,
 Would not to either long be kind,
 But toss'd her Flatt'ries to and fro,
 As Men their Balls at Tennis throw;
 Using her Smiles, as Filts are wont
 To do 'twixt Husband and Gallant:
 So mutually conferr'd her Favour
 On both Sides, but was true to neither.*

*At last, the faithless scabby Brood,
 Who never yet did England good,
 Join'd with their Brother Rebels here
 Against the Royal Sufferer;
 That pious Saints, to their Renown,
 Might, with reforming Hands, pull down
 That Popish Enemy, a Crown.
 No Wonder, that their Zeal and Spite
 Should make 'em readily unite,
 Since puritannick Sons of Grace,
 Altho' they different Lands possess;
 Yet if Rebellion once be started
 By any of the Righteous-hearted,
 The distant Brethren always join
 To carry on the good Design;
 And, by a sympathizing Spirit,
 Deem Plots and Treasons, Works of Merit:
 Nay, canting Guides must stretch their Jaws,
 In straining Heaven's holy Laws,
 To propagate the good old Cause.*

*This is the Time, my loving Friends,
 In which the living Lord intends
 To shew his Mercy unto all,
 That never bow'd their Knees to Baal,
 And to deliver you his People
 From that tall Idol, call'd a Steeple :
 Therefore I do not only teach ye,
 But humbly pray ye, and beseech ye,
 That your Assistance be not wanting
 To forward what the Lord is granting.*

*Such pious Frauds, and holy Cants,
 Delude at once the list'ning Saints,
 To think they're bound, by Heaven's Laws,
 To venture all to serve the Cause :
 For if their Teachers do but head 'em,
 And tell them, that the Lord does need 'em ;
 No Matter if the Devil drives,
 They'll hazard both Estates and Lives.
 Thus dear Rebellion and Confusion,
 Like the sad Cry of Persecution,*

Always

Always inspire each holy Brother
 To closely stick by one another ;
 By which united Strength and Craft,
 They foil the Wicked very oft,
 And work most wond'rous Revolutions,
 Which always end in such Confusions,
 That after-Ages have been bound
 To curse their Ashes under Ground.

*When thus the mangy Loons had join'd
 The English Rebels to their Mind,
 They were not much unlike the Rabble,
 That Heav'n confounded once at Babel :
 For tho' this sanguinary Crew
 Had not so many Tongues, 'tis true ;
 Yet may I boldly testify,
 Without that Saint-like Grace, a Lie,
 They'd more Religions in their Host,
 Than Babel Languages could boast :
 From whence, to all the World's Surprise,
 As great Confusions did arise,*

*As e'er could hinder and turmoil
The Builders of the lofty Pile.*

*The Presbyterians led the Van,
And made the wicked Path more plain;
Crying out, Popery and Slavery,
To cast a Mist before their Knavery.*

*The Independants follow'd next,
Each chewing some mysterious Text,
That might defend, upon Occasion,
Their godly Work of Decolation.*

*The Baptist Churl, with meagre Fams,
Came on to help the good old Cause;
Crying aloud, with grizly Beard on,
Lord cleanse us in thy River Jordan,
And make us worthy to become
The Follow'rs of thy Kettle-Drum.*

*The Fifth-Monarchical Fanaticks,
The maddest of the four Pragmaticks,
March'd next with melancholly Mein,
Almost devour'd 'twixt Zeal and Spleen;*

Crying,

*Cry'ng, down with all those wicked Things,
 Those Idols of the Earth, call'd Kings :
 Give us thy Holy One to please us ;
 For we'll obey no King, but ———*

*Next came those pale Fanatick Troops
 Of ill-look'd pious Nincompoops,
 Muggleton's Saints, and Seventh-Day Men,
 Who knew no other Priests, but Lay-men ;
 Nay, chose their greatest Fools to teach 'em,
 Because they should not over-reach 'em :
 A rare Receipt to keep their Sides
 From being gall'd by canting Guides ;
 Who, if they find they can bestride ye,
 Will prove by Scripture they may ride ye.*

*Papists, disguis'd amongst the rest
 In puritannick Querpo drest,
 Join'd with the Rebels to pull down
 Those Hereticks, the Church and Crown :
 Nay, all the Jesuits in the Nation
 Obtain'd a Holy Dispensation*

*From Grandfire Greybeard, that they might,
 Like gifted Brethren, preach or fight,
 To assist the Luciferian Party
 In carrying on their Olygarchy ;
 Hoping that when they'd brought the Nation,
 By still pretending Reformation,
 Into a mis'erable Condition
 Of Malice, Bloodshed, Irreligion,
 That then the Bald-pates might once more,
 By Plots and Stratagems, restore
 The ancient Babylonian Whore.*

*For Atheism, which Fanatick Scrubs
 Advance by yawning in their Tubs,
 And which their puritannick Hearers
 Call Reformation from Church-Errors,
 Has always been approv'd to be
 A leading Card to Popery.*

*For when the People have been long
 Missed, and humour'd in the Wrong,*

Till

*'Till thro' ill Custom they have lost,
 All Sense of what is right or just,
 'Tis then most easy to enslave 'em,
 And make 'em what you'd please to have 'em.*
 So he that works in Wax or Metals,
 That makes fine Images or Kettles,
 When he designs such Alteration
 Of either, as to change their Fashion,
 He melts down what such Pains had cost,
 By which its ancient Form is lost ;
 And when it's thus reduc'd by Fire,
 New moulds it to his own Desire.

*When bonny Scots, by Rump invited,
 Had with these mingled Troops united,
 And made the vile rebellious Rabble
 Against the King, more formidable,
 They now began to think, that all
 Must soon into their Clutches fall ;
 And that the pious Work, wherein
 The stubborn Sons of Grace had been*

*So busy with such little Fortune,
 Would now go rarely on, for certain.
 For when they'd thus increas'd their Force
 With mangy Foot and scrubbed Horse,
 They doubted not but Heav'n would bless
 The strongest Army with Success ;
 Tho' long before, they preach'd and cry'd,
 The Lord of Host was on their Side ;
 Yet failing in that righteous Work,
 They hop'd to finish with a Jerk,
 They begg'd the Scots to make 'em stronger,
 Which shew'd they'd trust the Lord no longer ;
 For bad they thought their Quarrel just,
 In God they still had put their Trust ;
 Not in a People so p——s,
 So b——ly tr——s, tho' religious.*

*The King, by Hamilton's Persuasion,
 Not fearing any Scotch Invasion,
 Was falsely flatter'd all along
 To credit what at last prov'd wrong ;*

And

*And to believe the Scots his Friends,
 Whose fawning Kindness always tends
 To nothing, but their own by-Ends.
 But when th' injur'd King had heard
 The only fatal News he fear'd;
 And that the freckly Loons, at best,
 Were but false Rebels, like the rest,
 And once more prov'd themselves to be
 True Scotch-men, by their Treachery.
 The King was now disturb'd, to find
 Both Kingdoms of one wicked Mind;
 And, that the Presbyterian Kirk
 Of Scotland, so approv'd the Work
 Of base dissenting Rebels here,
 As to assist that Holy War;
 Which gave the Godly such Occasion
 Of shewing their vile Inclination
 To Murder, Treason, and Oppression,
 Those three Inducements, that inspire
 The warlike Saints with martial Fire,*

And in a wrong Cause make 'em fight
More desp'rately, than if 'twas right.
 So the keen Sportsman, who so brags
 Of running Horses, Guns, and Dogs,
 Is apt to take much more Delight
 In stealing a fat Buck by Night,
 Than in a Brace, that he obtains
 By any just and lawful Means,
 Because the Pleasure, most Men do agree,
 Lies not i' th' Ven'son, but the Roguery.

When thus the Rump, to serve their Ends,
Had join'd their Northern scabby Friends,
Who, to promote the pious Work,
March'd their united Force to York,
In order to besiege that Town,
Which was as yet i' th' Hands o' th' Crown.
The King surpriz'd at this Alarm,
And growing resolutely warm,
Gave to his Gen'als strict Command
To march, and fight 'em out of Hand,

*And speed'ly to relieve the Town,
'Fore which the Rebels were sat down.*

*These Royal Orders they pursu'd,
Fearing (as gallant Heroes shou'd)
The Loss of Vict'ry, more than Blood:*

*But when the loyal Army came
To York, that Town of ancient Fame,
The Rebels were retir'd before,
Some Miles from thence, to Marston-Moor,
That fatal Field, wherein was fought
The Battel, where the Rebels got
That bloody Day, that turn'd the Tide,
And swell'd the democrattick Side
With joyful Insolence and Pride.*

*O strange! that Stars, (if they could steer,
Or Influence Human Actions here)
In spite of Justice, should determine
The Vict'ry for such wicked Vermin!
Sure, when the first rebellious War
Was rais'd in Heav'n by Lucifer,*

And all his winged Troops were thrown,
 By the Almighty's Vengeance, down,
 That some were hang'd i' th' middle Way,
 To warn us how we disobey.
 From thence were model'd, since their Fall,
 To Stars, which now we Planets call;
 So still continue, and dispense
 Their old rebellious Influence;
 To shew, tho' conquer'd, they abhor
 (Fanatick like) all sov'reign Pow'r;
 And since they once were Heaven's Foes,
 Will still remain inclin'd to those
 Who love, on Earth, to be at Variance
 With the same God, and his Vice-gerents:
 Or, sure, if they could Favour show
 To distant Mortals here below,
 They'd ne'er befriend the Rebels Side,
 And all their kinder Aspects hide.
 From injur'd Princes, when distress'd;
 And by rebellious Brutes oppress'd.

But Stars, like those that read their Faces,
 And measure their unweary'd Paces,
 Are so ambiguous, and uncertain,
 That neither can predict our Fortune,
 Or shew us what's behind the Curtain.

*When thus the Royalists had lost
 That Battel, which futurely cost
 The King his Int'rest in the North,
 And all those Towns that were of Worth;
 Such preaching, praising, and such canting,
 Such writing, boasting, and such vaunting,
 Were us'd amongst the yawning Saints,
 To all their list'ning Sycophants,
 As if their stupid Zeal was fir'd
 With Hopes of all that they desir'd.
 Thanksgivings in each Barn and Stable,
 Were made by Guides, to please the Rabble;
 And in each Tub the joyful Story
 Was so enlarg'd, to God's great Glory,*

As if the old fanatick Spirit
Had told 'em, 'twas a Saint-like Merit
T' improve the Truth into a Lie
Before th' eternal Majesty.
But the same Talent's still in Use
With Guides, who do their Flocks amuse,
Not with Divinity, but News;
As if their Doctrine had been most
Collected from the Flying-Post;
And that Advice from Spain or Flanders,
Sent over by our Great Commanders,
Was far more welcome to their Flocks,
Than Apostolick Orthodox.
But notwithstanding that the Brood
Of Rebels such Rejoycings shew'd,
And made such boasting Acclamations
Throughout the two united Nations;
Yet 'twas the King's good Luck, soon after,
T' abate their Joy with such a Slaughter,

Of stubborn Rebels, that the Saints
Were fill'd with Murmurs and Complaints,
And now again began to think,
In Spite of Fate, their Cause would sink,
And that the Rump at last must sink :
For Waller, swell'd with mighty Hopes,
March'd with his puritannick Troops
Tow'rds Worc'ter, meaning to pursue
The King with his rebellious Crew,
Believing now the same Success,
Would still attend their Wickedness ;
But the King knowing his Intent,
Turn'd back on the fanatick Saint,
And made his Army feel the Weight
Of Royal Vengeance, made more great
By being so unfortunate.
This gallant Action of Renown
Was owing to the King alone ;
His Princely Courage led the Way,
And prudent Conduct won the Day,

*Cov'ring the Field with Rebels slain,
 And seizing their Artillery Train,
 Killing and taking, in the Fight,
 All but those Traytors, who by Flight
 Escap'd, befriended by the Night.*

*No sooner had this Victory spoil'd
 That Joy, with which the Saints were fill'd,
 And turn'd their Boasting and their Gladness
 Into despairing Grief and Sadness;
 But the King, mov'd by this Success,
 Resolv'd to give Cornutus Chase,
 So march'd his loyal Troops away
 To Cornwall, where the Rebels lay;
 There, by his Conduct, hemm'd 'em round,
 And drove 'em into such a Pound,
 That Earl Cornutus, in a Fright
 Was forc'd to steal away by Night,
 In a small Bout, to save his Beacon,
 Or else the Rebel had been taken;*

*A good Shift too, for many find
 The Sea so merciful and kind
 To save those Traytors from the Hand
 Of Justice, that should swing by Land.
 Their Gen'ral having thus deserted,
 The rest were all quite broken-hearted.
 An Army, when their Leader's fled,
 Is like a Man without a Head,
 The Limbs of either cannot do
 That Office they're appointed to.
 Now fearing all to be destroy'd,
 Their Horse, the Danger to avoid,
 By Night, broke thro' the Royal Quarters,
 And so escap'd their dying Martyrs
 For that good Cause, which e'ery Guide,
 That canted on the Rebels Side,
 Had so devoutly sanctify'd:
 But the poor Foot, in woeful Plight,
 Having no Hopes by Day or Night,*

*To shun the Danger, or eschew
 The sad Destruction in their View,
 Had no Way left'em, but to quit
 Their Arms, and humbly to submit,
 Knowing his Mercy was so tender,
 To whom they did their Lives surrender,
 That he'd forgive their Disobedience,
 Upon their Promise of Allegiance ;
 Which at the Royal Army's Head
 They all in solemn Manner made,
 And so were suffer'd to depart,
 When hanging was their just Desert :
 But Mercy from a King they hate,
 Tho' ne'er so generously great,
 Can no fanatick Saints reclaim,
 For Rebels will be still the same.
 So he that does, thro' Pitty, save
 A Thief from Gallows, and the Grave,
 Preserves a Rogue will ne'er regard him,
 But cut his Weason, to reward him.*

The Truth of this the gracious Prince
Soon found by sad Experience,
For in the next severe Dispute
Between the King, and Earl Cornute,
Which happen'd near to Newbury Town;
Where angry Fortune cast a Frown
Upon the King, and gave the Pride
Of Vict'ry to the Rebels Side,
Because those Traytors, who before
Made solemn Vows to never more
Bear Arms against the Sov'reign Pow'r,
Had all their sacred Oaths forgot,
And with more Heat and Fury fought,
Than all their other base Adherents,
Not bound by Mercy to Forbearance;
So that it plainly did appear,
Th' unhappy King's Misfortunes here,
Were owing to the Rogues he'd spar'd,
Who to their Vows had no Regard,
But were by Mercy made more hard.

Therefore,

Therefore, from hence the World may see
 That Rebels cannot grateful be;
 In Nature they're avers'd to Good,
 And love to bathe in Loyal Blood;
 No Favours will reclaim the Brutes,
 Or stop their villanous Pursuits;
 Severity's the only Way
 To make 'em truckle, and obey:
 For like rank Nettles, that are found
 Aspiring in neglected Ground,
 The more they're crush'd, the less they wound.

F I N I S.

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Part XII. Vol. II.

THE thankless Rump, not yet content
 With their last fortunate Event,
 Owing to that malicious Brood,
 By Nature so averse to Good,
 That Royal Mercy could not move
 Their Hearts Gratitude or Love ;
 Now fancy'd, that their late Success
 Was made, thro' some Misconduct, less ;
 And that their Gen'ral had neglected
 Doing those Wonders they expected ;
 Nor that he'd won at Newb'ry Fight,
 So great a Vict'ry as he might ;

*That is, he did not kill and slay
The Wicked when he'ad won the Day,
Nor shew his Temper in cool Blood
So barb'rous, as they thought he shou'd.*

*Thus Doubts and Jealousies arose,
Among the ruling Saints, of those
Who to their Int'rest were as true,
As Turk to Turk, or Jew to Jew,
And scorn'd, as all wise Men suggest,
To be less wicked than the rest.*

*But he that undertakes to please
A Tribe of Hypocrites, like these,
Rebels so sacred and religious,
Must something do that is prodigious;
Not sneak, but act his cruel Part
With so much Wickedness and Art,
That might, at one rebellious Heat,
Their bold infernal Work compleat,
And make the Devils blush to see't:
Such Heroes they alone admire,
Cruel as Wolves, and hot as Fire,*

Who

Who can do e'ery Thing that's vile,
 Yet talk Religion all the while,
 And in the Lord's Name, break his Laws,
 To spur on their fanatick Cause.

*Therefore, the Rump took speedy Courses
 To mend and regulate their Forces,
 That when new model'd, they might be
 More fit for e'ery Villany.*

*Cornutus seeing now most plain,
 That all his Labours were in vain;
 And, that the mighty Feats he 'ad done,
 Were but as Trifles look'd upon,
 Because they thought he was too much
 A Roy'list, to be truly such
 A rig'rous Rebel as they needed,
 To bring the King to be beheaded,
 And to declare his Approbation
 Of all their Ills in Agitation.
 Yet 'twas by honest Men believ'd,
 In's Lordship's they were much deceiv'd;*

For

For that he was, without Contest,
As grand a Rebel as the best ;
And had as true a Roundhead's Will
To conquer, plunder, and to kill,
As any Traytor to the Crown,
Tho' of less Honour and Renown.
 Thus Mighty Men, who would be thought
 To live almost without a Fau't,
 Who boast so much of noble Blood,
 And of their being Wise and Good,
 When Faction once turmoils a State,
 And Kingdoms grow unfortunate,
 We see how oft they do mistake,
 And what ignoble Shifts they make,
 Abstracted from the Publick Well-fare,
 To save themselves from any Ill-fare ;
 Nay, sacrifice the Royal Throne,
 And pull down him that sits thereon,
 To please a Crowd, who, like the Devil,
 Delight in nothing, but in Evil ;

And

And all to hear the Rabble cry,

Here comes Salvator Populi.

Therefore, methinks, that's sneaking Honour,

That will not vindicate its Donor,

And help the Crown, that made 'em Noble,

Whenever 'tis oppress'd with Trouble:

Besides, when such oppose the State,

Who should be Good, as well as Great,

They teach all Men of Worth and Sense,

To scorn what they should reverence,

And think, that Honour's but a Mark

Only for Service done i' th' Dark:

And therefore Kings alone confer it

On fawning Tools, not Men of Merit,

And that's the Reason they're so oft

Pull'd down by those they've rais'd aloft:

For no rebellious Feud or Strife,

Could last above a Mushroom's Life,

If Honour were not pleas'd to head 'em,

And thro' their base Atchievements lead 'em;

For

For Honour oft supplies the Place
 Of Justice, Honesty, or Grace,
 And gives their Cause a better Face.

Cornutus finding their Suspicion,
In Time surrender'd his Commission;
Not thro' a Check from wading further-
In Treason, Rapine, Spoil, and Murder,
But 'cause the Rumpers were about,
Thro' Jealousy, to turn him out,
Thinking he might have done much more-
Than Fortune gave into his Pow'r.
 For stubborn Rebels, boundless Pride,
 Is, like their Consciences, so wide,
 'Tis never to be satisfy'd.

When this was done, the next Gradation
Made tow'rs this Marshal Innovation,
By th' ruling Saints behind the Curtain,
Uneasy at their doubtful Fortune,
Was to procure a Vote, that no
One Member of the House below,

Or of the **Lords**, should, in the **Host**,
 Bear any **Military Post**,
 Or any other **Office Civil** ;
 At which some grumbl'd like the **Devil**,
 To think they should be us'd so oddly
 By the **Rump Saints**, that seem'd so **Godly**,
 After they'd ventur'd **Souls and Bodies**
 To serve the **democratick Noddies** :
 For by this **oblique Ordinance**,
 So call'd by **Legislative Saints**,
 The **jealous Rump** at once got rid of
 Those **doubtful Friends** they had no need of,
 That only such might bear **Command**,
 More **zealous** for the **Work in Hand**,
 Whose **cruel Tempers** made 'em fit
 For all that **Rebels** could commit.
 Therefore, to shew what **Love** they bore
 To their dear **Idol Oliver**,
 That **barb'rous**, tho' a **praying Saint**,
 So fam'd for **Courage**, and for **Cant** :

*Him, for his Service, they excepted,
 Because they knew him well adapted
 To e'ery villanous Intention
 The wicked Rump could frame or mention.*

*To sooner had the Senate planted
 Such Men in Office as they wanted,
 And for those Mischiefs they design'd,
 Model'd the Army to their Mind;
 But Hero Fairfax lead his Men
 To the Relief of Taunton-dean,
 Whilst Cromwell, with an armed Rout
 Of puritannick Horse and Foot,
 Watch'd the King's Motions ; tho' the Rebel,
 To give him Battel, was unable.
 The injur'd Prince, well pleas'd to find
 An Opportunity so kind,
 March'd out of Oxon all his Force,
 Artill'ry, Infantry, and Horse,
 To shew, by his Approaches near 'em,
 He had too great a Soul to fear 'em.*

*This caus'd the Senate to recal
 With speed their Western General,
 And ord'r 'im to besiege the Town
 Of Oxford, in the Hands o' th' Crown.
 Their Hero their Commands obey'd,
 And to the Walls his Army lead,
 In hopes, by his rebellious Fools,
 To spoil the Colledges and Schools,
 The ancient Fountains of those three,
 Religion, Learning, Loyalty ;
 Those Glories of a Christian State,
 Which sordid Rebels only hate,
 Who, like the Devil, bend their Wits
 To subtil Lies and vile Deceits,
 And labour chiefly to advance
 Confusion, Pride, and Ignorance.*

*Cromwell now wanting Strength, retir'd,
 And gave what Way the King desir'd,
 Who march'd his Forces on to Chester,
 Reliev'd it, and return'd to Leic'ster,*

*A Town well stor'd with Ammunition,
 Artill'ry, Arms, and good Provision,
 But too rebellious to surrender,
 Nothing but Force could bring 'em under ;
 Which the King us'd, with such Success,
 That made him Master of the Place,
 Which was of great Importance to him,
 And did such timely Service do him,
 That when this Town he had possess'd,
 The very Rump themselves confess
 The Loyal Party had the best.*

*The Rump now being advertis'd
 Of their ill Fortune, seem'd surpriz'd,
 And so confounded in their Wits,
 That some were free to quit their Seats,
 And fly the Land, in hopes to shun
 That Fate they fear'd was drawing on.
 But, upon due Deliberation,
 They thought it best to keep their Station,
 And so resolv'd at once to try
 For a decisive Victory,*

Relying, as their last best Way,

Upon the Fortune of one Day.

To put this suddain Resolution

Into a speedy Execution,

Their Gen'ral Fairfax they oblig'd

To quit the Town he had besieg'd,

Commanding him to join his Force

To Cromwell's, which were chiefly Horse,

And with united Strength, endeavour

To gain a Victory, now or never;

For that the Cause must be undone,

Without a speedy Battel won,

To raise the Spirits of the Saints,

Inclin'd to Murmurs and Complaints.

Fairfax, encourag'd by his Zeal

To th' Rump, as well as Common-weal,

Join'd Cromwell, and the King pursu'd

With all the Force and Speed he cou'd.

In Naseby-Fields both Armies met,

Their Envy, like their Numbers, great;

And.

*And in that spacious fatal Place,
 Contended boldly for Success,
 'Till the rank Soil was overflow'd
 With Show'rs of Sweat, and Streams of Blood ;
 And dying Pray'rs, and dismal Groans,
 Were loud as Thunder from their Guns ;
 For Hours they kept the wreaking Field,
 No Side inclinable to yield ;
 Foes, eagerly engag'd with Foes,
 Exchang'd such undeciding Blows,
 That neither, for a while, could see,
 Which should be crown'd with Victory,
 'Till Fortune (who, because she's blind,
 Proves often to the Wicked, kind)
 Discover'd in the fatal End,
 Her self to be the Rebels Friend ;
 And gave at once the utmost Fruits
 Of Victory to the spiteful Brutes ;
 Who, tho' so vile, did yet obtain
 All that a conqu'ring Host could gain.*

Thus

*Thus was the best of Kings undone,
 That ever was in Field o'erthrown,
 And the small Remnants of his Troops,
 Left destitute of future Hopes;
 So that the King, who just before
 Was thought by all superior,
 By th' ill Fortune of one Fight,
 Lost all he had, except his Right,
 And those inherent Vertues, which
 Preserv'd his Mind still Great and Rich,
 Whose Graces multiply'd their Store,
 By each Misfortune that he bore :
 As Camomil, when most 'tis prest,
 Grows up, and flourishes the best.
 When Fortune, that inconstant Filt,
 Had favour'd their rebellious Guilt,
 And crown'd the Scum of human Race,
 At their last Stake, with such Success,
 Flush'd with the Vict'ry they had won,
 Which had at once their Bus'ness done;*

They

*They daily now enlarg'd their Ground,
 And rang'd the bleeding Nation round;
 Those Loyal Towns and Holds subdu'd,
 Which bravely had so long withstood
 Those Hunters after Royal Blood.*

*The King, with some few broken Troop
 Too weak to comfort him with Hopes,
 Wander'd about from Place to Place,
 His Loyal Remnants to encrease,
 Giving the Round-heads, here and there,
 A few Side-Boxes of the Ear;
 But still his Loss, at Naseby Fight,
 Had struck his Friends with such a Fri
 That he no farther Strength could add
 To those few Forces that he had,
 Who, when they found that no Supplies
 Would join 'em 'gainst their Enemies,
 Deserted by Degrees, and left
 Their most unhappy King to shift:
 For suddain Fear, that will assuage
 The most malicious human Rage,*

Had

Had startl'd now the Just and Good,
And chill'd the Warmth of Loyal Blood.
So that the flatt'ring Scene of War,
That seem'd so prosp'rous just before,
Was now so chang'd, that it appear'd
With Streams of Loyal Gore besmear'd,
And look'd so dreadful to the Sight,
When view'd by that rebellious Light,
Which of a Suddain, only shone
Like the Eclipsed Moon or Sun,
And falsely glimmer'd here and there,
Thro' Clouds of Horror and Dispair.
For so the dreadful Storm appear'd
To those, that to the King adber'd
Who, now, good Prince, of all bereft,
And by his routed Army left,
Could no kind Star behold, that shew'd
It self inclining to his Good:
Yet, with a Soul, divinely great,
Unmov'd at all the Frowns of Fate,

*With Christian Patience still inspir'd,
 To Oxon he again retir'd ;
 Whose ancient venerable Walls,
 Fam'd Colledges, and sacred Schools,
 Were greatly reverenc'd long since
 By that forgiving injur'd Prince,
 Whose Suff'rings made his Virtues shine,
 As if not Human, but Divine ;
 For nothing could his Soul oppress,
 Or make his Royal Greatness less.
 So the old Christian Proto-Martyrs,
 Amidst their cruel Pains and Tortures,
 Despis'd their Wracks and flaming Piles,
 And crown'd their Torments, with their Smiles ;
 That barb'rous Heathens, swell'd with Spite,
 Who glory'd in the dismal Sight ;
 Might, to their own Conversion, see
 Their Patience, and Stability ;
 And wonder, as they gazing stood,
 To find in sinful Flesh and Blood,
 Minds so immovable, and so good.*

*The King, when under this Distress,
 Consid'ring his unhappy Case,
 And viewing with a careful Eye,
 Those Dangers that appear'd too nigh;
 Thought himself very ill provided
 At Oxford, where he now resided,
 Against those Rebels, who pursu'd
 With reaking Sword, his Royal Blood;
 And would not be content alone,
 To rob their Sou'reign of his Throne;
 But spurr'd by Malice, hurry'd further
 To crown their Rapine, with his Murder.
 Just so, the sanguinary Thief
 That robs, to give his Wants Relief,
 In Hopes his Rogu'ry may be stisl'd,
 Destroys the Person he has rifl'd.
 Therefore, the King, who saw too late,
 Some Omens of his evil Fate,
 And knowing that the Rump Defenders,
 Those cruel, sanctify'd Pretenders,*

*Now rais'd by Fortune, Cock-a-hoop,
 Would soon in Oxford block him up,
 Resolv'd, upon Advice, to try
 The treach'rous Scots Fidelity,
 Who'd sent beforehand to assure him,
 Of the great Duty they had for him;
 Making large Vows and Proteſtations,
 (But with damn'd mental Reſervations)
 He ſhould not only be protect'd,
 But daily honour'd and reſpect'd:
 Tho' all their fawning Invitations,
 Back'd with ſuch baſe Aſſeverations,
 Prov'd but the old fanatick Way,
 Of flatt'ring thoſe they ſhould obey,
 In order to at laſt betray.
 However, as the Scene appear'd
 So full of Dangers to be fear'd,
 The King was forc'd to now rely
 Upon the Scots Integrity:
 Accordingly he made his Way
 Diſguis'd, and on the firſt of May;*

*At Newark found the scabby Host,
 Unhappy Monarch, to his Cost !
 Great Shews of Friendship did they give him,
 That they the better might deceive him.
 For Scots, like Sicophants at Court,
 Fawn upon those they mean to hurt ;
 And like our Saints, bow lowest to
 That Sov'reign Pow'r they would undo.
 So when a Trayt'rous Plot is grown
 Full ripe against a flatter'd Throne,
 Th' audacious Villain cringes low,
 In his Approach, that gives the Blow.
 Thus Royal Goodness, by a Turn
 Of Fate, was made the Rebels Scorn ;
 And by one unexpected Blow,
 Reduc'd from Strength, superior low ;
 Which shews, that Victory in Fight,
 Befriends the Wrong, as well as Right,
 And is no standing Rule to try
 The Justice of a Cause thereby ;*

For tho' no Mortal could disown
 His lawful Title to the Throne;
 Yet Fortune, who does often please
 The Wicked with her Flatteries,
 Brought (after many warm Disputes,
 With restless and rebellious Brutes)
 The best of Monarchs to rely
 O'th' Mercy of an Enemy;
 And forc'd him, in Distress, to trust
 An Army that could ne'er be just:
 Whilst their base Au'rice, could foresee
 An Int'rest in their Perfidy;
 For Mammon is the only Idol,
 In which Fanaticks do confide all;
 That makes the Presbyterian Race,
 So cruel, treach'rous, and base;
 And is alone the very Wheel,
 That turns their Conscience, and their Zeal,
 And makes them of a Suddain vary
 From one Thing to the quite contrary.

*For Government, or other Matter,
Is damn'd with Libel, Lies, and Satyr;
When any Thing starts up a new,
That seems to promise at first View,
The greater Int'rest of the two.*

*So, if as Whim Poetick teaches,
The God of Hell's, the God of Riches.
Let him but bait his Hook with Gold,
That tempting Devil's Dross of old,
And he may catch such Saints as fast,
As Boys do Roach with colour'd Paist.*

*No sooner had the King made Way
To th' Scotch at Newark, where they lay;
But they were gently moving Homs,
To th' Canaan of all Christendom,
That only Northern Paradise,
Which overflows with Scabs and Lice,
And not with luscious Milk and Honey,
For Food is there, as scarce as Money;
Yet, O how blest is Caledonia!*

*Where Vertue does all Vice repel,
 And none but Saints and Sinners dwell,
 Whose pious Deeds I'll not rehearse
 In such memorializing Verse.
 'Cause it's a sacred Task, we know,
 Becoming none but D——l F——e;
 He's only worthy of a Theme,
 That needs so much Poetick Cream,
 Mix'd up with Brimstone, and with Sage,
 That every Distich may assuage
 The Northern Scab, that is so catching,
 And please the Scots, instead of Scratching.*

*Next to Newcastle, did they bring
 The credulous unhappy King,
 Where new dethroning Propositions,
 Stuff'd full of treas'nable Conditions,
 Were by some stiff-neck'd Rebels sent
 To th' King, from the Rump Parliament,
 If possible requiring more,
 Than what they 'nsisted on before,*

Because

Because the Battel they had won,
 Confirm'd them all was now their own,
 And that the King, who'd lately lost
 His chosen Friends, and Loyal Host,
 And was but Pris'ner, in a Manner,
 Beneath the Presbyterian Banner ;
 Would grant 'em all the Sou'reign Pow'r,
 To have his Life the more secure ;
 But he, most gen'rous Prince, too great
 To stoop to Ill, thro' Fear of Fate,
 Regarding more the Nation's Good,
 And his own Honour, than his Blood ;
 Refus'd to gratify their Pride,
 And boldly their Demands deny'd,
 With such Contempt, that did evince
 The just Resentments of a Prince ;
 And, at the same Time, let them see
 Their Insolence, and Infamy :
 The very Scots themselves declar'd,
 The Rump's Proposals were too hard,

Not thro' their Duty or Respect
 To th' King they'd promis'd to protect ;
 But that their Brethren might discern
 Their Aim, and by their Cavils learn,
 That they design'd not to betray
 The King, except for present Pay ;
 And therefore if they meant to try him,
 That first they must agree to buy him.
 The Rump soon took their Hellish Hint,
 And found the Drift the Scots had in't ;
 So gave two Hundred Thousand Pound,
 A Sum so tempting, and so round,
 The Price of Royal Blood, much more
 Than Scotland ever saw before ;
 Altho', at Home, they'd often Times
 Been guilty of as wicked Crimes ;
 But never met with like Reward,
 For all their Rog'ries on Record.

When thus the Scots had prov'd so crafty,
 The King, to whom they'd vow'd such Safety,

Was

*Was to those Ruffains now resign'd,
Of base Descent, and bloody Mind:
Those Villains to receive him, sent
By th' Malice of the Parliament;
Pick'd out on Purpose to abuse him,
And by severe Restraint misuse him.*

*O cursed Scots! who for the Sake
Of Dross, could make your selves so black,
And stain your Country with an Action,
That bears so Hellish a Complexion:
A matchless Villany, compounded
Of all the wicked, damn'd, confounded
Evils, e'er done by Rump, or Round-head:
A solemn Treach'ry, that does make
Th' Infernals blush, for Scotland's Sake,
To think that a perfidious Race,
So false, so barbarously base,
Should all the sinful World exceed,
In such an execrable Deed;
So complicated of all Evils,
That it outdid the very Devils;
For in their Treach'ry might be seen
All that was infamous in Men;
Feign'd Religion, holy Fraud,
Rebellion, Treason, Guilt of Blood,
Perjury, Flatt'ry, Avarice,
Perfidiousness, and Cowardice,
Injustice, Cruelty, and Fear,
And all the Ills that could appear.*

*In a Scotch Brood of Presbyterians,
Or pious English Oliverians.*

*The King, who tho' he could foresee
His Fate, from their Severity,
Bore still, with a Majestick Grace,
A patient Mind, and cheerful Face;
His Cares and Troubles, tho' their Weight
Were now become profusely great,
And only fit to be endur'd
By a good Prince to Wrongs inur'd,
Whose Soul was by his Vertues rear'd
Above the worst that could be fear'd;
No Sufferings could his Passions move,
His steddy Mind still soar'd above,
And bore his Royal Fame too high
For all their cursed Calumny.*

F I N I S.

Advertisement.

* * His Majesty's hard Usage from the Presbyterian Commissioners, during his Restraint at *Holmeby-House*. His Removal into the Hands of the Army, by the Subtlety of the Adjutors. *Cromwell's* cunning Advancement to the Sovereign Power. The King's Escape from *Hampton-Court*; and the Treachery of that sanctify'd Rebel, Colonel *Hammond*, Brother to his Majesty's most beloved Chaplain. Together with the King's Tryal before the High-Court of fanatick Butchers. And lastly, his barbarous Catastrophe at his own Palace-Gate, by the Hands and Contrivance of those pious Regicides, whose Treasons and Cruelties will, according to the Decalogue, be visited upon their Children, unto the third and fourth Generation; will in a little Time be publish'd, in a third Volume entire. By the same Author.

